

NEW WEST

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The Story of
RED DEER
(PART I)

Magazine

JULY-AUGUST, 1947 10 CENTS

EDMONTON
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"Writing You Will Remember"



Fiction

- Matchmaker's Fate
- A Mummy For A Cabin Mate



Features

- The Devil's Drug
- Death Valley of Nahanni



Special

- Why I Can't Be A "Civil" Servant
By A Civil Servant

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Understanding Needed . . .

If we Canadians are to survive, we must have the will to survive; and to have the will to survive, we must have a policy for survival.

In order to arrive at a philosophy for our case, we must recognize, from the beginning, that our survival depends upon the survival of every other Canadian — indeed, of the rest of the world. The well-fed man cannot remain immune to the suffering of the hungry; for the starving will turn upon him and defeat him. The free man cannot ignore the slave (who himself was free once) for the same tyranny that vanquished his brother will yet reach out and vanquish him. Hate, greed, cruelty, avarice are living organisms which, like tongues of fire, grow from tiny flames to a holocaust of destruction.

Today, even in the comparatively free New West, the miner talks too carelessly of the profits of the capitalist and the city business man dismisses too lightly the burdens of the farmer who, to him, enjoys a natural abundance of vegetables, meats and other necessities of life.

All classes have their problems today; and only by understanding our neighbors' problems can we ever hope to achieve that degree of unity which will, of itself, generate a philosophy for survival.

In a sound functioning society, every citizen would play an important part. He would work with a purpose, from inducement rather than by compulsion. Today, even discounting those who seem to have no apparent purpose in toiling, we have three general classes of people: (1) the producers; (2) those who offer services; and (3) those people who, because of youth, age, infirmity or other reasons are unable to contribute in the same sense as the other two groups.

The producer is necessary, for without him the nation would be unfed, unclothed and hungry.

The private or public servant is just as necessary. He performs work that is often highly specialized; he contributes ideas; he looks after the education, the entertainment and the bookkeeping of the nation. He performs a thousand and one tasks without which we could not live as "easily" as we do.

The young, of course, are the creators and producers of tomorrow. They deserve our greatest attention. If life can be described as a battle, our children are the front-line troops

who will be fighting our battles of the future.

The old are the handful of neglected men and women who have contributed much more to society than they ever received. Perhaps too old to toil, they are never too old to advise and comfort and cheer. The good Lord of all of us provided enough so that they might be properly taken care of, that the last years of their lives might be spent in peace and happiness; and He admonished each one of us; "Honour thy father and thy mother." How better could you honour them than by making them, not pitiful charity cases, but honoured guests of the land.

The farmer worries about the elements and prices and taxes and sickness. The so-called "capitalist" — the man who combines his ideas and executive abilities, largely to provide technological advances to the country — worries, too, about government taxes, controls, markets, and the like.

Each has his own peculiar problems. Groups become selfish only under fear — fear that they will not be able to survive.

People are as good as ever they were. The earth is just as bountiful.

All that is needed is a philosophy for survival.

That philosophy does not consist in spreading hatred and distrust, nor in neglect and indifference of one man for his fellow man. A high moral code must be accepted — the code of love.

The responsibility begins with you. In the words of the great English poet, John Donne:

"No man is an island, entire of itself . . . I am involved in mankind. And therefore, never deem to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee."

No July Issue

Subscribers will note that this issue of NEW WEST MAGAZINE is a July-August number. With the launching of the magazine in June, it was announced that the publication be monthly. Unfortunately, we did not allow for the human element, which made it physically impossible to turn out a July issue.

However, with this number we are away again, and subscribers may expect to receive the publication monthly henceforth. Future issues of the magazine should be in the mails about the end of each month.

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in Western Canada

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MATCHMAKER'S FATE

what happens when a girl tries to take over Mr. Cupid's job of arranging and promoting romance . . .

May 7th.

DEAR WARHORSE:

I have just time to drop you a note before getting ready for Jessica Lane's party, which she claims to be throwing so their new hired girl, Doris Jackson, can get acquainted with the young folks here.

There was a big crowd at the station when I came home, and Jessica lit on me, wanting to know what was wrong. I told her about my health getting me a discharge back to the farm—and the matchmaker's look came into Jessica's dark eyes.

Warhorse, you never heard of trouble till she starts marrying you off.

"It's your cooking, Pete," she said gently, with that Cupid's patience that gets me. "Five years batching is too long—"

"Now look Jessica," I said, putting down my bag, "if you think you're gonna start that matchmaking—"

"Who's matchmaking, Pete?" Jessica calmly lifted an eyebrow, with that sweet patience which drives me to kinship with our old sarge.

"Who threw me, for six months before I enlisted, in Matilda Harris' face?" I yelled, and I noticed the people were grinning and talking about "those two fighting again," but I was too mad to care.

Matilda is the religious girl, whose brother is a minister. Her father's dead and her mother seldom leaves the house. Remember me telling you when I was introduced to her, Matilda plastered her face with an angelic expression and murmured:

"Peter Redwood . . . Oh, Peter! Why I think you do resemble him."

It was enough to make me dread church for months, Warhorse.

But to get back to my troubles with Jessica. She said I was either getting conceited or imagining things and insisted I'd just have to come to their party Saturday night to meet Doris Jackson.

"To be only eighteen, she's really the most marvellous cook," Jessica said; and, Warhorse, to me that spelled "Enemy Sighted."

"I will not—" I began again, but Jessica simply tucked a stray black curl

into place and went on as if I'd never opened my mouth.

"The party will serve a double purpose, Pete." (All she can think of is double purposes.) "It'll welcome you back to the Valley, too. I'll have all your friends, tho there aren't many boys left."

That's the danger of it, old pal. In the army you only need to worry about girls on pay day. Here, with the war shortage, they're in deadly earnest—and with Jessica to help them, it's a bad combination.

It's just some mania she's got—like other girls have for fancywork and babies. If she was dumb or an old maid, I could understand it, Warhorse. But we went to school together, and all thru it we kept at opposite ends of the class.

Jessica's so busy pairing them off at parties, she never has time for a fellow of her own. On picnics, it's the same: by unanimous consent of the other girls, she gets choosing the games—and they're always games requiring couples. If she thinks an old bachelor needs to meet the old-maid schoolteacher, the school board has to find another teacher by September. She has a reputation for never matching a couple in vain—and that's nothing to dismiss lightly. Her methods aren't routine, either—she can adapt them to every case. Most of the time the victims never realize what's happening—so a man has to be continually alert.

But outside of that mania, Warhorse, I'd consider Jessica as dear as a sister. She's even a lot of fun, after she's satisfied her pairing is well done. Many a swell game of checkers I had with her and now that her dad's so bad with rheumatism, she'll even play horseshoes occasionally, tho I have to shorten the distance between the stakes. Sometimes I almost laugh out loud at the funny way she throws, as if she was playing cartwheels instead of trying to ring the stake, but I wouldn't like to hurt her feelings . . .

The Lane's house is just across the line-fence from here, Warhorse, and I can see the people gathering in the clearing . . . I guess I better get dressed—

and have Doris Jackson stuck down my throat all night.

One thing I am sure of, tho. Even if she stands on her head, Jessica isn't going to plant skirts in this quiet old cabin.

I've tolerated her hobby long and silently, on account of our long friendship here in the bush. But when my own freedom's at stake—Warhorse, I didn't enlist for nothing.

If I have to, I'll show Cupid's little girl where she's getting off at.

Tell the boys how much I miss them.

Shorty.

May 13th.

DEAR WARHORSE:

It's too wet to seed oats today, and the Lanes want me over for supper, I've said nothing doing, I have you to write to.

The party was worse than I expected, Warhorse, and I expected the worst. Mind you, the eats were fine, and everybody was nice—I even state firmly that Jessica, in a flared Gypsy skirt, was a girl any parents could be proud of. If only she could just be cured of her one weakness!

I wasn't right inside the door when she spotted me.

"Just get your partners in a circle," she called over her shoulder, hustling a chunky blonde with a giggle towards me. She was all breathless and eager—right in her element, I thought glumly.

"Pete! You two haven't met each other, have you Doris, may I present Peter Redwood. Pete, this is Doris Jackson, our new helper."

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you, Peter!" Doris giggled, holding my hand. "What's your favorite pie?"

I lived thru 10 minutes of cooking; then Jessica, bright-eyed and happy, pulled us into the centre of the young folks.

"Now, we're short of men, so some of you girls will have to be men," she was chattering in Jessica's usual party style. "You, Pete, take Doris in the center . . ."

I also took her to lunch. Likewise I was forced to take home two of her pies. Next day, she and Jessica came over with a soft-fried chicken which Doris had cooked especially for me.

I had been in a stew all night, War-

horse, but I tell you my scalp prickled when Jessica said lightly: "Well, be good for a minute, you two. I'm going to see Pete's colt."

Hey—wait!" I gasped, and it didn't even sound like my voice. "Maybe Doris wants to see it, too."

"Oh, I'm not fussy about animals," Doris giggled. "I'll show you how to bake beans in molasses, Peter boy."

Peter boy! Warhorse, you can see how critical the situation is. All week I've done 10 men's work, just so I don't have to be near the house more than I can help. Everybody thinks I'm working myself to death to get the farm going full blast for the war effort—but I'm not that patriotic.

Warhorse, every time I see Doris or Jessica start towards the line-fence, I know primitive fear. I just want to take to the bush, like a chased rabbit . . .

Warhorse, I've got to quit writing and think. I have to fight fire with fire . . . And there's an idea coming. Will write and tell you if it works.

Shorty.

P.S. Doris and Jessica just dashed over in this heavy spring downpour. Doris had a Boston Cream pie that's very rich, she says. Jessica dried her raincoat over the stove, and her eyes caught sight of all the old things I've crammed up on the upper shelves.

She looked at Doris, and my heart flopped in agony. "Don't you think we should clean house for Pete," Jessica suggested sweetly.

"Oh, never mind, girls!" I tried to smile, tho I was shaking life a leaf. "We old bachelors like things all over."

But nothing would stop them. Warhorse. I sneaked upstairs here to confide to you. I'm desperate—hopelessly desperate . . .

P.P.S. They just called me down to ask me to carry the rubbish away. Warhorse, all my old pipes and western magazines are rubbish.

"Poor boy!" Doris giggled. "He's working so hard in the field he just has to get a wife soon! Don't you, Peter boy?"

Honestly, Warhorse, I couldn't even smile miserably; and Jessica nodded, as if everything was coming nicely.

"After this," she said, "Pete will need one to keep the house as clean as we leave it."

It's quicksand, Warhorse. Slowly, without you knowing what you're doing, you're drawn into it. When you do wake up, your struggles only land you quicker . . .

I've got to get rid of that Doris somehow. Right now she's found my frying pan and is so shocked she's not even giggling . . .

Shorty.

June 1st.

DEAR WARHORSE:

I'm out of CB and into the glass-house. I never knew I could be in a pickle till now. "Trapped by my own desperation" are the only words to describe this.

Remember, I told you I had a plan to get rid of Doris? I thought: If Jessica's such a hand at matchmaking, why can't others do just as well?

The trouble is, eligible men are scarce now. Doris may be a giggler, but I'm convinced she'd never look at some of the fellows who've been batching in the bush for 20 years. Not even with her cooking urge.

Then Fortune smiled—or so I thought, Warhorse. I was driving into town in the rain one Thursday, when who should I see but Matilda Harris, in a shiny, light-blue slicker, struggling thru the mud.

I drew up the buggy and helped her into the front seat.

"Oh, bless you, Peter," she murmured, and all my fears of pre-recruiting days, when Jessica was throwing us to-



gether every chance she had, rushed back. Rain-soaked and bedraggled, however, Matilda didn't seem quite so liable to float up to the clouds, and I asked her gingerly what she was doing out in the mud.

"Didn't you know, Peter?" She turned her wide, babyish eyes on me. "My brother, Egbert, has been ordained and is coming home for a short rest before commencing his duties in the east."

Well, even then it didn't strike me, Warhorse. Not till I saw Egbert. He came carefully onto the platform, rather plump and ruddy-cheeked, munching a chocolate bar.

I knew at first glance, there was the man for Doris!

To get them together, however, I needed Matilda's help. So as soon as Egbert had turned to greet the Reverend Samuels, the regular minister, I got to work in whispers.

"Matilda—will you bring him along to Lanes—tomorrow evening? Say you want to visit Jessica."

Matilda turned her soulful eyes on

me.

"Peter, that would be lying."

"Matilda," I begged desperately, "will you please bring him along—as a special favor to me?"

"Why, Peter?" she asked.

"Oh, to—well, he's never met the Lanes! Will you, Matilda?"

"In this mud?"

There was only one answer to that, Warhorse, tho my intuition was trying to warn me then.

"I'll come for you in the buggy."

Matilda smiled, sort of ecstatically.

"I just feel like Naomi, Peter," she whispered. "Whither thou goest—"

Her quotation was interrupted by the Reverend Samuels turning, beaming, on me. He introduced Egbert, who asked me if I thought the war would bring a shortage of foodstuffs.

"Oh, no," I smiled. "We'll make the farms carry thru."

Now the Reverend Samuels is hard of hearing, Warhorse. He caught my sentence wrongly.

"What, Peter! You're going to marry who?"

I finally got it explained, but you'll soon see what it started. I firmly suspect that, unknowingly, the Reverend is some kin to Jessica.

I started to walk ahead, and Matilda gracefully took my arm, as if I was deeply obligated to her. She smiled at me, and I heard the Reverend Samuels chuckle.

"Ha, Egbert, its a fine thing to see. Man was not meant to live alone!"

Warhorse, much as I loathe Hitler, I can understand just how he felt the day he decided to leave England and attack Russia . . .

It did me good to see how taken back Jessica was when I drove up with the Harris' Friday evening. The Reverend Egbert was very polite when I introduced him to Doris; but the moment I mentioned her cooking, a hungry look crept over his face. ,

"Do you have some of my homemade mints?" Doris gushed; and by the time he had finished the second piece of Boston Cream, Egbert had eyes only for Doris. My fervent prayer was that she wouldn't giggle too much . . .

Apparently she didn't, Warhorse. In 10 short days (he could only stay 2 weeks) Egbert had married her. Because of our parts, Matilda and I stood with them at the ceremony. Warhorse, I was humbly glad it wasn't I repeating those sacred words . . .

The only cloud in the day came when the Reverend Samuels turned, beaming affectionately, on us.

"Seems to me, I'm seeing you two together a lot lately," he joked, and Matilda blushed crimson. "I wouldn't be

surprised if I had to perform another ceremony soon now, eh?"

"Reverend," I tried to explain desperately, "it's just—it's simply—"

He beamed and clapped me on the back. "Heh? Oh, don't try to explain, young man. I know how shy young love is!"

And now comes the awful sequel, Warhorse.

When Doris had gone with Egbert, out of my life forever, Matilda begged me to do her a favor.

"Take me to the next movie, Peter," she pleaded, her eyes a little wistful this time. "I know I shouldn't go—but I would like to, just once—with you."

Well—I took her, tho mind you, Warhorse, I didn't want to. When you take girls out in this valley, Jessica starts reserving them for you, and everybody instantly concludes it's all fixed but the wedding day.

Jessica was at the show, too, and I noticed her smiling queerly—as if she knew a surprising secret about me. I didn't like that smile, Warhorse. If I'd been forced to read her thoughts, I'd have said: "We'll get you married yet, Pete, even if enlisting did break up my first attempt."

Next day I had to come back to town, and the first man I met was the Reverend Samuels. When he came beaming forward to grasp my hand, I almost keeled over.

"Congratulations, Peter! Congratulations!"

"What on?" I began to feel real terror then. "What on?"

"Eh? What's that again?" The Reverend inclined his head. "Oh, yes. 'Tis a hot sun indeed."

"No! What am I being congratulated on?"

The Reverend Samuels looked severe.

"Now, young man! Matilda Harris was telling me after choir practice, all about you asking her to marry you in the buggy. Not to mention dear Egbert telling me he met his own bride by escorting you two around . . ."

The day the sarge caught us with our rifles uncleaned was a picnic to the feeling I had then, Warhorse. I staggered down the street, and everywhere people were smiling at me and congratulating me. The Reverend can't keep news like that 5 minutes.

Old pal, I was too stricken even to protest. It didn't seem real! I kept on staggering until I reached Matilda. She was in a white dress, singing psalms; and when she saw my face, she went more than a little off-key.

Well, Warhorse, I quizzed Matilda

mercilessly, and all she could remember saying to the Reverend was I almost had to carry her in the buggy that wet day. That was enough.

"For heaven's sake, Matilda," I raved, "why didn't you correct him then? You know how deaf he is!"

"Oh, Peter!" Matilda stared at me reproachfully. "I thought he was teasing again." I'm convinced she really did, too, Warhorse.

"Well, Matilda," I said haggardly, "you've got to stop it at once. Tell everyone right away—"

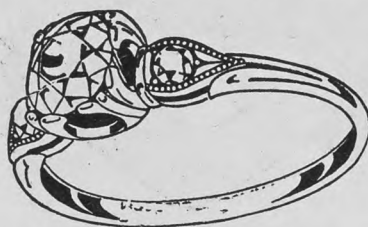
"Oh, but Peter!" she cried, looking horrified. "Aren't you ever—"

"No, Matilda," I said gently. "I never am."

"But what will people think?" She started to cry—and if there's anything that gets me, Warhorse, it's tears. "I knew I shouldn't have gone to that show—but I thought when you wanted to take me around so much when Egbert was home—Oh, Peter, if I say we aren't getting married, it'll look so sinful. Oh, Peter!"

Well, there we were. I felt as if I had sunk for the last time when I said heavily:

"But, Matilda. you wouldn't want to live—on a rough bush homestead—and hear me cussing the mosquitoes—"



Matilda's eyes turned soulful again.

"Oh, yes, Peter, I would!" she said firmly. "Under my gentle influence you wouldn't swear any more . . ."

Well, Warhorse, I begged her not to. Clinging to the only straw that would work in her case, I kept pointing out what a terrible sin it would be to marry a poor farmer who only wanted to be a bachelor the rest of his life.

That seemed to have some effect on Matilda. She stared at me helplessly.

"But, Peter, how can I face people again—after this? And what will Mother say when she hears? Peter, can't you think of something?"

Well, I'm trying to, Warhorse. It's long after mid-night, and the coal-oil's low. There's a big moon on the spruce around my clearing. In camp, you boys are sleeping—carefree and unwary.

Warhorse, tell the fellows to think of me in my distress.

Your old side-kick,
Shorty.

P.S. Warhorse, I never was a guy for

hunches—but tonight I feel heavily, that I won't be writing letters as a free man much longer. What that Jessica Lane hasn't done to me!

June 18th

DEAR WARHORSE:

All is not over, but there is a hope of salvation yet. When I couldn't think anymore, I went to Jessica and I suppose I looked as wild as I felt. She was hoeing the garden in these snappy work overalls they've got for women now, and before she got a smile under her colored straw hat, I let go.

"You got me in to this," I told her. "Now get me out!"

Well, even Jessica looked alarmed as I described the mess I was in. But nothing can really upset that maddening patience of hers.

"Are you sure, Peter," she asked gently. "you mightn't really be in love—and not know it?"

Warhorse, about all I could do was make a horrible gibbering noise in my throat. Jessica sighed and said the only thing to do then was to deny it before the crowd at the big Sports Dance coming up. Pass it off as an innocent joke.

I don't know if Matilda will consent to this, even—I can only hope. And if she does, heaven send me courage on that awful night.

Whatever happens, Warhorse, there's grim resolve in my heart. Lanes are getting a new hired girl. But I won't wait. I'm going to take action. This time, if I have to work 20 years, I'm going to get that matchmaker married off. If he's a dud of a husband, it serves her right.

The order of the day now is attack, Warhorse! Somehow I must live through this awful hour. I must shatter Jessica Lane or be destroyed.

Tell the boys to pray for me, Warhorse. If only they could be with me.

Despairingly,
Shorty.

June 24th

DEAR WARHORSE:

Well, old boy, this won't make sense to you, but I must write, anyway. Something strange has happened to me, Warhorse—and I only hope you understand.

The night the dance loomed up, I didn't know whether to desert my past ignobly and flee—or what. Then a bit of the old soldier came back to me, Warhorse—the old army pride. I set my chin. If I had to do it, I'd do it!

But the moment I went into that dance hall, Warhorse, the courage oozed out of me. I spotted Jessica smiling with some women and savage rage burst over me. Then I forced myself to look

(Continued on page 13)

Why I Can't Be A "Civil" Servant

by A CIVIL SERVANT



ODAY, people dread me more than they ever dreaded the old mortgage collector of yesterday's melodrama. They call me "the bureaucrat," "the man from the state," and various other names which cannot be recorded here.

Once, in an Edmonton theatre, the audience was tense and hushed as a newsreel showed the death march from Bataan. People held their breath at the sight of grim Japanese bayoneting wounded Americans, clubbing stragglers and then suddenly a sardonic voice said: "That reminds me, I forgot to pay my income tax." The spell was broken, and with shaky relief, the audience laughed.

They laughed at the symbol of terror I have become.

Nowadays when you receive a letter from me, it does not begin with a courteous, "Dear Sir." It begins: "Take Notice." I do not sign myself, "Your obedient servant," but very threateningly wind up: "Penalties will be imposed if you do not attend to this matter within 30 days."

Here, in an anonymous article for NEW WEST MAGAZINE, I will tell you why I can no longer be a "civil" servant.

The history of my office is a bit ancient, but as far as I can discover it was instituted a few hundred years ago when the people of some country or other got tired of the dictates of kings and barons and formed a parliament composed of their own representatives. Their representatives—they call 'em politicians today—had a very simple outlook on life. As far as they were concerned, they just had one job: to see that the wishes of the people were carried out.

In those days, I understand, the people's representatives never went around saying pompously: "Now when I'm elected, I'll build you a great highway or give you state medicine." Not at all. They merely went around asking

the people questions. "Well, folks," they'd say, "what do you want us to do?"

If the people decided they wanted a bridge, the elected representatives got together for the purpose of getting the people a bridge. (Politics must have been very boring in those days.) They picked their experts to build the bridge; and the experts picked workers and secretaries and so forth, to assist them.

Gradually, as civilization grew, the people's representatives had to pick a lot of help to attend to correspondence and otherwise look after the wishes of their electors—and so "civil servants" were needed.

That's the story, briefly.

As the politics of the good old days disappeared, though, the office of civil servant changed. Today it is a bit of a Frankenstein.

Here's why, and how, I got my job.

After being launched into the world to stand on my own two feet, I found that the struggle for existence was very real and very earnest. I found that a million other people had a better education than I. In business, I hadn't a ghost of a chance. I thought about farming, largely because I attended Agricultural College, but the experts told me that an Agricultural Expert couldn't possibly make a living farming; the business of agricultural experts was to tell farmers how to farm, and since there were more agricultural experts than jobs for them, I had no chance there.

Finally, in desperation, I asked the advice of a man of the world who also told me I hadn't a two-bit future in anything. "Unless," he said, "you become a Civil Servant." He explained to me patiently that if you were no good for anything else, you were a natural for the Civil Service. "Of course," he added, "the pay's small, but you're there for life. You'll get a slight increase in salary every year; and when you've worked till the age of sixty, you'll get a pension of thirty dollars a month."

So I became a Civil Servant.

I started under a severe handicap—the knowledge that I was no good for anything else. As with all human nature, I had to compensate for that. So when citizens came into our office, I soon learned to keep them waiting for a while. Nothing is as hard on the morale of a citizen as keeping him waiting in a government bureau. You know that.

As time went on and it became almost impossible to live on my meagre salary, much less marry and raise a family, I began to look desperately for promotion. I soon discovered that in the Civil Service, it does not matter whether you have ability or not. Seniority is the thing that counts. You can't get ahead of a man or woman who has been in your department ahead of you, no matter if you are a genius and he is sub-normal.

Only two things could help you—retirement and death.

Retirement is a slow automatic thing that goes on year after year. It is too slow for the slight pay increase that comes each year. Panic struck me the first day I calculated that I would be forty-five before earning enough money to support a wife even meagrely.

Death, though, provided greater opportunities. I discovered, quickly enough, that the others had realized this, too; and every morning, after we punched our time clock, we would wait for the arrival of our aging bosses.

"How are you this morning, Mr. Smith?" we'd ask eagerly.

"Very well, very well—never felt better!" Such words always saddened us, because we realized there was no hope for a promotion for another while.

What was left for us? There was no sense of accomplishment in the work we were doing. I saw some really capable people quit their jobs in disgust; yet they were so mechanical and routine that they were filled the following morning. There was no material reward for our labours, the men earned enough to board in dingy rooms, while the girls

(Continued on page 9)

PERFUME

by John Patrick GILLESE

In Paddle Valley



HE REVEREND, Burke's old pine church was at one end of the Paddle Valley, and Jed Parker's age-blistered log cabin was almost at the other, up by the Big Beaver Rapids. Jed never went to church any more; and sometimes when they rode into town on the creaking old buggy, Little Nan would look. She'd hold Jed's big brown hand and ask questions that wrenched his heart to answer.

"Daddy, isn't there a God?"

"I told you often there was a God, Baby. Don't ask the neighbors that, or they'll think I'm not learning you right."

"Daddy, why do you always say there was a God?"

Why did he? Maybe because it seemed God died, too, the wild April night Anne died, when Little Nan was born.

"Daddy, why don't we go to church then? Mrs. Kettle says it's a shame the way I'm neglected that way, and Smoky Shorty says he reckons if my blue-blooded relatives in Calgary ever heard of it, there'd be hellzapoppin'."

"Baby!" Jed said sternly. "I thought I told you not to swear!"

Little Nan looked up at him out of Anne's soft brown eyes, and he couldn't be stern. He just held the curly head to his rough buckskin shirt and let the sweet agony of touching her seep through him.

"Baby, I'm only trying to be good to you—to teach you right. I guess we oughta go to church. But I can't! I can't!"

Little Nan looked at him and grew very wise, the way of all the Swaniss women. She didn't ask him any more questions. She was terribly afraid her father would cry.

They hitched the horses to the tie rail. Jed gave Little Nan a dollar to spend for anything she wanted, and he went for the mail.

In the post office he bumped into the Reverend Burke. The old minister's eyes were sad, and he was frowning, the way

he always did to cover up the woman's heart beneath his coat.

"Jed," he said sorrowfully, "will you not come to Church?"

"No," said Jed, too honest to evade. "I'm teaching my baby, sir. If you try to take her away, you'll be sorry. Anybody will!" His eyes were wild, like the animals he trapped and shot in the wilderness beyond the mysterious beautiful Paddle.

Mr. Burke's frown grew more intense. "Nobody'll take her away from you, Jed. But she needs to learn of God. And when it's time for her school . . . Shouldn't she be going now?"

Jed's massive shoulders set. His dark brows straightened. "Don't you know Canadian law yet, sir? Where there's no school in the township, no one is obliged to send his kid away."

"But you'd not hurt her by keeping her here? . . ."

"Little Nan is happy in the wilderness, sir. Now a good day to you, sir; it'll be sunset before I get home."

The postmaster handed him some letters. The first was a cheque for some furs he had shipped to Edmonton. The second made his heart stop suddenly. The Calgary postmark! The fine, cultured handwriting!

Then hate and fear twisted together in his heart, and he tore the letter into bits without reading it.

He knew it was from the Swaniss family—Anne's people. Not a month passed that they didn't plague him for Little Nan. They could raise her there. At least send her for the summer. They'd be so good to her . . .

"You didn't want me when I married Anne," Jed thought savagely. "Well, you'll never get her daughter! Ha—send her for the summer! Let her get used to your Park Avenue living, so she'd hate the bush and my trapping and riding into town on an old wagon!"

He realized that a knot of women were staring curiously, and he flushed and turned away. He knew they talked behind his back—about a widower being unable to bring up a girl in the

wilderness, about him being queer since his young wife's death, about his poaching of beaver. . . . Let them talk! Nobody would ever separate Little Nan and him!

When he entered the frontier general store, she had already ordered most of their needs. Jed's heart swelled with pride. He said, "And what did you buy with your dollar, Baby?"

She'd bought, she told him softly—like Anne—new curtains for the windows.

"But, baby!" he cried, aghast. "I wanted you to spend it for yourself."

She smiled. "I had fifteen cents left. I got a bottle of perfume for myself, daddy."

"Perfume?" Something tightened deeper in his heart.

"Violet." Little Nan nodded, her eyes starry. "You'll love the smell of it, daddy."

Big Jed could hardly talk. His face was straining into hurting cords. His throat was glued, his memory awful. "Violet . . . Baby, don't . . . Nan, why did you pick violet?"

Little Nan was puzzled. In her childish yet wise eyes, she groped to find the reason for her strong father's unhappy look. "I—I guess because it smelled nicest. Daddy, don't you like violet?"

"No, baby," Jed said, closing his eyes; and Little Nan, when he went out to get the team, exchanged it for gardenia.

THAT SUMMER was like any other. Jed staked fur lines, and Little Nan followed, barefooted, at his heels. Sometimes Jed had to stop to make her rest her little brown legs. With stiff Parker pride, she refused to admit weariness or hurt.

It gave Jed such a terrible feeling. Brave as himself. Brave as her mother!

For Anne had been brave. Courageous enough to defy a stiff, blue-blooded family, leaving culture and wealth for the haphazard existence of a homesteader's wife in Paddle Valley.

Every night Little Nan followed Jed to the top of the far-swinging Paddle

hills to watch the moon rise over the mist of the fretful Paddle. And one dewy evening, when the late autumn damp smelled thickly of frosted leaves and old smoke on the spruce, Little Nan breathed it greedily—and forgot.

"Daddy, it's so like perfume, isn't it?"

"Your mother loved it, too, baby."

"Daddy—did she like violet?"

"Yes, baby." Then memory wrenched him again. He wondered how he could feel like that inside, without ever a muscle moving on the surface. "That's why I didn't want you to have violet, baby."

She said simply, "I wish she was alive, daddy."

The old fear grabbed him anew. "Baby, don't you like the woods any more?"

"Oh, sure! . . ." The quick sweet smile. "But . . ."

"Maybe you want a new house, baby . . ."

"Ught-ah!" The scornful shake of the Parker pride. "I wouldn't trade our home for anything!"

His heart eased. But he had to know if the Swaniss blood in her called out for a different life. "Baby, folks say I should send you to your Aunt Elizabeth and your Uncle Hugh. You'd have everything there . . ."

The same quick fear that bred in his heart leaped to her eyes. "No, Daddy!" She clung to him, trembling. "We get along all right, daddy. Don't we?"

"Sure do, baby." Jed laughed and was happy, going home in the white light, Little Nan singing old river airs. She was a Parker all the way through—same pride, same courage. Wanting the things he wanted. The valley and the hills and the night wind in the spruce, and the great sweeping river that had been left to the Parkers since the world was young.

There was a car stopped off the trail before the door. Jed, pushing back the sagging gate, tried to identify it and failed.

Little Nan's eyes narrowed with resignation strange in a child. "I bet it's Jewers, the game warden, daddy," she whispered. "Must be pretty simple if he figures you got beavers around this time of the year."

He smiled and rumbled her curls, and the heaviness grew in his heart. He thought suddenly that ever since Anne died he had waited, waited . . . for something to come between him and the replica of the girl he had worshipped.

Following the frontier custom the visitors had entered his cabin and made themselves at home. Jed opened the door, blinking in the coal-oil light—and recognized Hugh and Elizabeth

Swaniss from Calgary.

Elizabeth was thin and stately and dressed in black. She rose as if puppet strings had jerked her to attention. Hugh was as well-fed and indolently handsome as Jed remembered him.

Jed faced them, his lips thin and harsh, his bush jacket and flannels contrasting strangely with their tailored clothes.

"The answer is no!" he said harshly.

Elizabeth wrenched her straight gaze from him to Little Nan who had edged forward in her bare feet. The woman grew pale and acutely nervous. She stared at Little Nan as if she was seeing a ghost.

"You're my sister's baby . . ." She spoke in agony.

"She's my child!" Jed was breathing harshly, like a buck breaking his heart from the hounds.

Little Nan liked her suddenly and smiled. She would have liked anyone connected with the memory of the person her father worshipped.

Hugh grinned foolishly at Jed and beckoned to Little Nan. "Hope you don't mind, old man. I brought her some things. . . . For you, Sweetness. Candy



and a little rubber pup. Presents from your Uncle Hughie."

Little Nan took the gifts very politely and hid them in her room. The moment she left, the three adults faced each other in a triangle. Hugh was uncomfortable. Elizabeth flushed. Jed harsh and bitter.

"I guess you didn't get our letter, old man . . ."

"Hugh, I'll talk! Jed, please, for the sake of my sister's memory, let us be decent to Nan."

"Elizabeth, some day you'll learn to savvy me. You've always hated me. Well, Little Nan is happy here. She's all I have left of Anne—and 10 Swaniss families aren't going to take her away from me."

Elizabeth whitened. Her well-bred voice was scornful. "You don't even know what duty is! Letting her tramp the hills like a little ruffian. Keeping her away from education and religion . . ."

White also, Jed had risen to his feet. "Duty! Don't you suppose my child needs a parent's love more than ser-

vants and luxury and haughtiness in Calgary?"

Elizabeth said steadily, "Jed, I'll love that girl as if she were my own. She'll become a second Anne with us. What will you think if you're sent to jail for poaching beaver . . ."

"I won't be sent!" Jed whispered furiously. "You think I'm a criminal. But I only make my own conservation laws. . . . Get out, Elizabeth. I don't want you here!"

Elizabeth opened her lips to speak again, but Hugh took her by the arm. "Come on, sis," he said. "Let him think it over a night."

Jed thought more of him that minute than he ever had in his life before.

When they were gone, Little Nan came out, her face dirty and scared. Her father sat on the edge of the bunk, his face in his hands.

She shared his misery. She shared his fear. She said unhappily, "Daddy, I wanted to tell her she shouldn't come here using violet perfume. Then maybe you'd like her better."

"Oh, baby!" Jed said, and held her. "Oh, baby, baby!"

LITTLE NAN WOKE first in the morning; and she saw that Jed had slept with her mother's photograph lying on the pillow against his dark, tired head. . . .

They went fishing in the morning because Little Nan wanted to; stopped in at a neighbor's for dinner, and didn't go home until the moon was pulling mist from the river. . . .

"I sure hope," Little Nan said, "they ain't there."

"Aren't there, baby." Jed's lips moved as if they were thick and dry. "Baby, you'd like it in Calgary . . ."

"Ught-ah!" Little Nan shook her dark head sharply. Her voice was scared. "Daddy, we get along all right—" She fell silent. Jed had taught her so often to be brave and proud.

Elizabeth and Hugh were there again. When Jed stepped in from the cool night air, the violet perfume in his nostrils was almost sickening. Why did she have to use that, he thought, almost wildly; and remembered that Anne, long ago, had told him it was a family perfume.

Fiercely, Jed strode over to Elizabeth's black-draped figure.

With a cry of fright, Little Nan darted after him. In the shadows cast by the coal-old lamp, she tripped over Hugh's outstretched foot. Her forehead struck the window ledge, and she lay still, a sudden rush of blood welling freely on her temple.

Instantly Jed had gathered the limp

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body in his arms and laid it gently on his bed.

"Never put her head on a pillow, Jed." Elizabeth's unhurried arm lowered the little head to the sheet.

Jed, shaking violently, got cold water. Elizabeth pushed back the child's thick curls. Nan's face was ashen as death.

Breathing harshly, Jed soaked the cloth and applied it to the wound. The bleeding persisted.

"Let me." Calmly Elizabeth edged him aside. As her head bent over Little Nan's, he caught the thick aroma of violet again; and for one dizzying moment the whole universe reeled before his eyes.

Skilfully, Elizabeth pressed her long white fingers just in front of Little Nan's ear and above the jaw hinge. As if by magic, the bleeding stopped. In another moment Little Nan opened her eyes, blinked dazedly. It wasn't a serious accident, but it left Jed shaking like a leaf.

"Baby," he whispered, going to the door for air, "you should be careful. You oughta be careful . . ."

Elizabeth bound the wound. Hugh lolled over awkwardly and offered Jed a cigarette. He refused it curtly.

"Really, old man, it's dashed lonely at home. A kid would brighten up the place. . . ." He studied Jed's drooping figure and added lamely. "Really, old man, we didn't hate you. The family sort of babied Anne, y'know. Figured she couldn't stand this rough life. Jed, really the little shaver could get so many things . . ."

The wind from the river dropped listlessly, and the perfume crept to the door.

Jed said, in a voice that knew the crucifixion, "If you want to talk, come out side, where she can't hear."

Out in the falling river mist, he faced Elizabeth. "If you don't be good to her, I'll know—and I'll come there—and—and—"

"We'll be so very good, Jed." In a glint of moonlight, he saw tears in her eyes. "Jed, please forgive us for the past. Not be good to my own sister's child . . . ? Brother Jed!"

He thought of the day long before when she had scornfully told him she would never consider him a brother—just a sister-stealer. He turned his face away.

"Watch her at night. She kicks the clothes off . . ." Then, with breaking bitterness, "If I stole Anne, I'm giving her back to you!"

Elizabeth sobbed tightly. "Jed, don't! I know what it's like! You're a finer man than ever I knew—"

"We'll just tell her she's going for

a little visit . . ."

"I think I know at last what Anne loved in you. You've proven by your unselfishness—"

"It wasn't unselfishness!" He wanted to scream, but his voice was carefully controlled. "Go now, Elizabeth. Come back to-morrow. I'll make her understand. She'll soon forget. And please . . . be very good to her!"

NEXT DAY, when the imported car had rolled away from Paddle Valley forever, Jed walked slowly—for he couldn't see right—to the little old Church beneath the pines. He found the Reverend Burke.

"I was a convert," he said. "Anne brought me into her faith—"

"I know, son." The old minister's voice was the tenderest understanding he had known for years. "You told me—that first lovely year."

"And I couldn't go back—"

"Because she was gone?"

"No. No." His voice was slow and tight and mumbling. It seemed so hard to explain. "No, sir, it was like the perfume. I couldn't go back because it reminded me so much of Anne."

He staggered inside to the dimness and spoke to Him.

"God," he said, "You made a man and You ought to know why I couldn't. I can come now for she's gone, and I've only got memories. Before, I was afraid to be here . . . afraid I'd hear Anne whisper in my ear, tell me I should send our baby to Calgary."

"And she took a different way, God. Or was it You? She sent Elizabeth to me . . . and when I smelled that perfume, it was Anne speaking to me, telling me what to do, God . . ."

He smiled a little, glad of the dimness, glad of the pity and forgiveness and the tears that healed the hurt. His thoughts wandered back to that first Sunday with Anne long ago, when Little Nan was still their dream, and the smell of violets was sweet on the soft air.

Black Beavers Are Rare

by DALE O'HARA

Lucky indeed is the trapper fortunate enough to legitimately trap a black beaver nowadays. He can practically ask his own price for it, because the pelt is so rare that it is not even quoted on Hudson's Bay price lists. In fact, if the King was to visit Canada unexpectedly and a trapper had two such pelts for sale, the famous company might actually kiss the ground the pelts were caught on, in order to obtain them.

DEATH VALLEY of NAHANNI

by Tim Burke



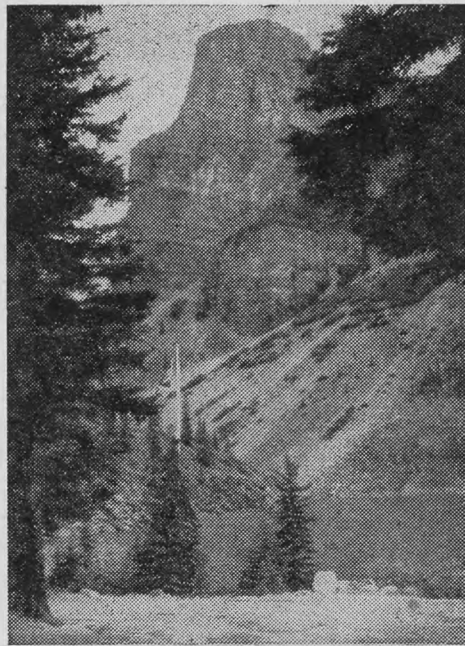
IN Edmonton, when trappers came down with their fur catches in the spring or prospectors returned with their dust in the golden autumn, you could hear the legends of Nahanni's Death Valley. That glamorous valley of secret and mystery lies 800 miles north-west of Edmonton, and until very recently has been the one remaining outpost of fable and fancy.

The tales about it were founded on fact — at least, some of them were. Indian and white man alike told of the men who went there and never returned. They described this strange valley, rich with lush jungle growth which remained green and luxuriant the whole winter long. While the rest of the north lay immobile in the grip of stern Arctic winter, Nahanni was warm and sunny, its pools steaming and inviting, its soft sands enticing as those of Miami Beach. The superstitious Indians called the valley the abode of the gods.

Rumors told of eerie cliff dwellings carved from out the mountain sides, apparently very similar to the caves left in the mid-western United States by the old cliff dwellers of thousands of years ago. This interested geologists particularly. The Indians shunned the valley entirely, claiming that in storms, it was filled with ghostly voices from the caves, some harsh and others sweet, some echoing and still others screaming among the lonely hills.

What drew the prospectors in, however, was the tales of wealth to be found there. Over thirty years ago, two veteran prospectors, William and Frank MacLeod, outfitted themselves in Edmonton and headed for the forbidden valley. They reached it alright, and soon tales drifted outside that they had struck a Mother Lode and were millionaires. But the two brothers never returned from Nahanni. Later their bones were found in the lonely valley; and, needless to say, their unexplained deaths only deepened the aura of mystery.

Other prospectors dared the mysteries of Nahanni, hoping to find the MacLeod brother's lode. Two of these, Phile Powers and Angus Hall — also veteran prospectors—did discover the rich gold vein, according to reports drifting into Edmonton. But, strangely enough, they died violently too, and the Indians were absolutely convinced the place was inhabited by devils.



Just as mysterious was the death of Eric Starlz, a young adventurer who did leave Nahanni with a small pouch of gold and nuggets. One night, around a roaring campfire, he boasted loudly of the fortune he'd clean up when he "went back." In the morning his body was found, a short distance away, at the bottom of a small cliff. Whether he had committed suicide or whether his excitement caused him to sleep-walk, no one will ever know.

But the valley is so far away and so difficult to reach that, had it not been for the aeroplane, Nahanni might never have given up its secrets. Now, at last, we have solved most of the mysteries connected with that place.

Pool Field was among the first to scoff at these superstitions and do something about them. Field, a veteran prospector, trapper and one-time member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, claimed there was a logical explanation for the "disappearances." Nahanni was no place for 'tenderfoots,' the mountains were dangerous enough to cause even the most experienced to meet disaster, and sometimes it suited men to "disappear" — to enter civilization with new names.

It remained, however, for the numerous expeditions which scoured the valley to clear up everything. An Alberta game commissioner reported that there are numerous small hot springs in Nahanni, covering approximately 100 square miles, and that these were responsible for the "rank vegetation." He emphasized, however, that all such

growth was of the temperate variety — none of it tropical.

Other expeditions have reported on the "cliff dwellings," which are nothing more than caves. The sobbings and wailings caused during storms are the result of the wind exploring the passageways.

As for the famed Mother Lode, that is still to be discovered. So far there has been nothing found to correspond with the reported find of the MacLeod brothers, although there are numerous minor gold fields.

CIVIL SERVANT

(Continued from page 5)

relied on charitable institutions such as the "Y" and the Anglican and Catholic Boarding Homes.

The one thing we did possess was power. Power to keep people waiting, power to see them beg, power to enforce rules and regulations made by some batch of civil servants higher than ourselves and ratified by weary parliaments.

Do we ever hate ourselves? What do you think, Mister? So much so that our only defence is snobbery, aloofness, an air of indolence. We're scared to go out in the world, for fear of depressions, insecurity, lack of ability, etc. The men dream of some sweepstake they will win some day that will free them from this drudgery; the girls wait for marriage—but not to a civil servant!

We play guessing games as we wait for you to come in. Cruel games.

Some old lady wants the old age pension; we try to find out if she's hoarding some money so that she can leave just a few pennies to her children when she dies. When you hit the income tax branch, we try to figure out if you're all bungled up or if you're smart enough to be the type that tries to chisel on dependents, on expenses, on a hundred and one things.

There are enough of us in Canada now to provide recruits for a small wartime army, and our numbers grow. Nobody can ever hold us responsible for anything: we can pass the buck to someone below us, or someone above us; to another department entirely, or even to some rules and regulations "beyond our control."

And instead of hating us, you ought to feel sorry for us. Because if we lost our jobs tomorrow, we'd be the most pitiful people in the world.

A MUMMY FOR

by GILL SHARK



had signed on two years before.

I had never even seen the vessel when I landed a job as galley boy; but after running into Tom and his friend Mart Castle, I began to wonder if I hadn't stepped the wrong way into adventure. "You sure picked a peach of a ship!" Tom commended sarcastically. "She might have been a wonder in Queen Victoria's girlhood, but she's too rotten for the breaking-up yard now. She's an old sea-cow, that's what!"

"Aw, sharks, kid, she ain't so bad," Old Mart defended, chewing methodically on his eternal wad of tobacco. "Course you usually git threw out o' bunk when a storm's on, but what about it? Then if you kin stick less'n a million bugs at night an' the rats sniffin' your toes, she ain't so uncomfortable. Some boys can't stand the cockroaches fallin' in their coffee, either, but then I always puts the saucer over mine—"

Certainly not over-cheered by these remarks, I asked what kind of cargo she carried mostly.

"Any kind," supplied Tom. "Anything any other ship won't take. Last time we had a shipment of live crocodiles, plus scrap iron for Japan and—"

"I heard the Cap'n say he ain't gonna take any more iron though," interrupted Mart matter-of-factly. "She's too liable to sink."

"To sink?" There must have been horror in my gasp, for old Mart eyed me somewhat in surprise.

"Well now, kid, if you'd been in two wrecks and bust almost in half by a submarine—then towed in an' glued together some damn way or other, you'd be ready to sink, too!"

He didn't know it, but I was almost ready to sink then.

And when I saw "The Barnes," she

SIGNED up on "The Barnes," an old tramp plying between Vancouver and every other port in the world, because I was a kid of nineteen, crazy for adventure. I chose that ship because an old pal of mine, Tom Briggs,

was even worse than I expected. The old hulk was dark and dirty and long, with peppery white deck structures, a freakish-looking smoke stack (I learned later this had been bought from a scrap ship when her own—half its size—was smashed by the over-balancing of a dock crane) and creaking derricks. Her speed was about eight knots.

"I'll give you a tip," said Tom, as the lights of Vancouver fell away, "sleep with your boots on and your lifebelt under your pillow and if you suddenly hear everything going to Hades, you might have a chance to play tag with the sharks. Engineer says he thinks the boiler'll explode any hour.

I concluded I had as good as signed my suicide ticket, particularly when Cap'n Hafaday warned me to look out for the hatch ladder.

"That's how come I took you on so fast," he explained, spitting on the deck. (Nobody did anything according to Hoyle on "The Barnes." The crew cussed the officers and the officers swore



back at the crew—in the friendliest spirit imaginable—and one went into the others' quarters, and the Captain spat on the deck if he wasn't close enough to the rail to spit overboard—and everybody seemed to be carelessly happy.) "She was loose for a long time," continued the Captain, "and when he jumped on her in a hurry, the rivets came out of the coaming—and it sure left my galley boy in a nasty mess."

I stuck conscientiously to the galley until we reached Alexandria, and by then I had become used to the threat of possible chaos. Nothing had blown up; nobody had broken his neck; and I relaxed thinking it wasn't so bad after all.

"Just you wait, though," predicted Sam Osson, the first mate, sourly. "All

this good luck ain't for nothing. When she turns, watch out."

In Alexandria we loaded a mixed cargo. Then came a last-minute piece of business. We had to take an Egyptian mummy to some fuzzy old collector in Melbourne, Australia.

"A mummy!"

A mouse in a herd of elephants couldn't have caused a greater commotion. We were struck incredulous—each one staring blankly at the other. Old Mart even forgot to chew his tobacco.

"Is a corpse—a mummy—bad luck, mates?" I ventured to ask.

They all looked at me pityingly.

"Bad luck?" snorted Mart. "Hell, a pint of whiskey's bad luck on this wash-tub."

"I told you so," wailed Sam Osson, with the gratification some people have in expressing morbidity.

Feeling rather sheepish for expressing my ignorance regarding sailors' superstitions, I said casually:

"Well, I don't see how an Egyptian mummy, dead for five or ten thousand years, can cause us much harm."

"Glad you feel that way, my boy," said Cap'n Hafaday evenly, relaxing and spitting on the deck as usual. "Because he's got to be looked after carefully, and we can't leave 'im in the holds or up on deck. I'm going to put 'im in your cabin—that'll be the safest place. Smoothest riding, too."

I wished then I had kept my mouth shut. And I was to wish it a hundred times more before we delivered the embalmed mummy to the collector in Melbourne.

The Captain, Sam Osson and a lanky fireman called Jim Carter moved the packed wooden coffin containing the mummy into my little cabin next to the galley, and old Mart grinned fiendishly at me. The Captain had a key that locked the coffin, and he tried the lock before leaving it.

"I don't want you monkeying with 'im, Gill," he warned dourly. "I'd show 'im to all you guys, only a fellow told me he's liable to crumble to dust if you touch 'im. Whatever a man wants a beast like that for, I don't know."

Even if the coffin hadn't been locked, he needn't have worried about me "mon-

A CABIN MATE

keying" with the mummy. The instant I entered the cabin at night and switched off the light, I felt something in the air—something intangible, uncanny—vaguely suggestive of the heavy odor of lilies at a funeral.

It was a long time before I managed to sleep, but when I did, it was to dream of grisly, curiously-robed priests of the Egyptian dynasties preparing to embalm me, and I leaped awake, with greasy sweat bands on my forehead.

The feeling was still there; and in desperation, I switched on the light. Finally I left the cabin and went up on the bridge rail to get a breath of the cool moist wind from the sea. It was peaceful there, save for the drip from the hawsers and the creaky hum of the dynamo.

Next day, the crew didn't even rib me, and I realized they really were uneasy about carrying that mummy. I still didn't feel "spirited," figuring that sleeping with any dead body would have given me the same wierd feeling as bunking with the mummy.

That afternoon, the Cap'n fell sick with a strange fever that baffled everybody. The symptoms were most unusual: the skipper was weak and dopey, but able to eat heartily and think clearly. The doctors at Aden didn't know what it was.

"It's the d—d mummy," Sam Os-son muttered darkly. "I wish't I hadn't touched that coffin. It's liable to git us all."

Everyone felt uneasy, but I figured Sam was painting his usual gloomy pictures of bad luck and misfortune.

Nothing happened again until we were in the Indian Ocean, near the equator. Then our engines broke down, and as the crew worked to fix them, Sam missed his footing on an upper platform—and we were short one man.

Everybody felt depressed by the tragedy. The sailors had dark looks on their faces. We recalled Sam's mutterings about the curse getting those who touched the coffin. There wasn't any joking or laughter now — just morbid, brooding expectancy.

First the Cap'n. Then Sam. There was Jim Carter left.

And—a horrible thought struck me—what about myself, sleeping with the mummy.

CALL us superstitious sailors if you wish, but I don't mind telling you I was plenty scared myself then. Every time I entered the cabin, I could feel that choky something in the air — like the faint odor of incense — only more defined and uncanny.

After Sam's accident, I refused to sleep in my cabin any longer, and the cook invited me to bunk with him. The rest of the crew, in my imagination, seemed to regard me darkly — as if I was responsible for the mummy coming aboard in the first place.

There were no more breakdowns as we steamed for Australia, but every little thing seemed to go wrong. One man slashed his wrist; Tom nearly dislocated his kneecap by some freak accident, while stoking; and several of the men complained of feeling sick and lazy. The Captain still had his strange fever. Jim Carter moved about silently, his lips more compressed than ever.

NOBODY mentioned the mummy any more, but it was easy to see everyone



was thinking about it. Nobody went near my cabin where the coffin rested. A feeling of total gloom and ill luck seemed to have settled over the ship. It's a wonder some of the sailors didn't seize the coffin and throw it to the reddish-green depths of the ocean.

I'm sure everyone breathed freer when the low headland of Australia loomed up, sharply outlined against a blue and apple-green sky. In a short while we docked at Melbourne but, as the for'ard derrick swung over with the first load, the main beam split, and Jim Carter's right leg was smashed almost to a pulp. Only a matter of inches saved him from having his life snuffed out.

Immediately the still-ailing Captain

gave orders that the Egyptian mummy was to be removed from the ship at once, though something had delayed the collector from arriving on time to receive it. I breathed a vast sigh of relief as did we all — when the coffin was lost to sight, though I still dreaded what would happen to me for sleeping near it.

By evening the Captain had recovered from his sickness as mysteriously as he had fallen prey to it. Nothing untoward ever did happen to me, nor to any other sailor on The Barnes. Which fact leaves plenty of room to point the finger of coincidence at the other happenings. At any rate, from that day on, until she was scrapped three years later, The Barnes was always a "lucky" ship.

I suppose you wonder why I stuck to the old thing. Just as I wondered the first night why Tom and the other boys did. Well, tell me why anyone grows to love, say, his chopped-off thumb, or any other disfigurement he may possess.

We loved the leaky, creaking, dangerous, informally-running old wreck that was The Barnes.

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Part I

Canada's western towns are famous for their informality and their hospitality and, in our opinion, have never been given the publicity they deserve. Hoping to help remedy that little situation, we are hereby presenting first general data on the city of Red Deer, friendly city of Alberta's central reaches.

While in this issue we are presenting what is, to some, the "dry" side of a city, we are arranging, for our next number, to secure a wide range of modern-day photographs of the people and the industries of the city—in other words, a real trip to Red Deer with our cameraman.—**Editor, NEW WEST Magazine.**

Red Deer, with an estimated population of about 4,500 is situated in the heart of the best mixed farming area in Western Canada, 93 miles from Calgary and 98 miles from Edmonton, on the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways, and on Highway No. 2, a hard-surfaced highway connecting these two cities.

The city was founded by the late Rev. Dr. Leonard Gaetz, who settled here with his family in 1884, and it has grown steadily and substantially ever since. Its whole economy is based on service to the excellent farming district of which it is the centre, and the quality and variety of the services it now renders is seldom equalled in a community of its size.

THE CITY LIES in the valley of the Red Deer River (Alt. 2819). The climate is good. The mean temperature is about 36 degrees Fahrenheit, with the high monthly mean for 1945 being 62.6 in July and the lowest 8.7 in December. Rain falls on about eighty days in the year, and snow falls on about sixty, giving an average precipitation of from 15 to 20 inches (1945 16.24 inches). There is bright sunshine summer and winter, and comparatively little wind. The Red Deer River and Waskasoo Creek run through the city. Birch, spruce, popular and Balm of Gilead trees abound in the city and district.

Red Deer has all the advantages of a larger city. It is a fully organized municipality with a city charter granted in 1913 by the Alberta Legislature. It owns and operates its own power distribution system, its own waterworks system, providing filtered water, and its own

sewer system. The City also provides a complete garbage collection through a local contractor. Electric Power is generated by the Calgary Power Co. and sold to the city in bulk. Northwestern Utilities, Edmonton, is now building transmission lines to bring natural gas to Red Deer this year. The city is governed by a mayor, elected annually; and six aldermen, three elected every year for two years. It is administered by a full-time City Commissioner, and the Mayor as a part-time Commissioner, and has operated under the commission form of government since 1908. Civic administration has been uniformly efficient and progressive. Assessment is reasonable and taxes are rather lower than in any city in the province and many of the towns. The city retired its last debenture in April 1946, and has no municipal debt.

INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY is based on the resources of the district. The Central Alberta Dairy Pool operates a milk condensery, capacity 800 cases a day. There are two creameries, five elevators, bottling works, fence factory, creosote plant, and a sash and door factory. Distribution is an important industry in Red Deer. There are two wholesale houses, one wholesale tobacco and fruit warehouse, a greenhouse, a market garden, two truck distribution stations, four of the major oil companies operate depots here, and six warehousemen distribute a wide variety of products from the city.

Red Deer is a customs port of entry and a sub-collector is stationed here.

Harvey Halladay is mayor of Red Deer.

New West



Aerial View of Red Deer

—Photo by Rollis

MATCHMAKER'S FATE

(Continued from page 4)

for Matilda, but naturally she wasn't there.

Somehow, Warhorse, I got on that platform. Somehow I talked. Somehow I made the people think it was a great joke.

Then I staggered off.

I made straight for Jessica. There must have been blood in my eye, Warhorse, for even Jessica stopped smiling.

"Come on outside!" I wish our old sarge could have heard that voice, Warhorse.

"But, Pete," Jessica protested, "I have to help in the kitchen—"

"Come on out!"

Jessica almost jumped. "Yes, Pete," she said meekly.

I strode through the crowd without even looking back. Under the shuffling maples, I turned round. Jessica, under the old rose moon, looked like a scared rabbit.

"Pete," she said nervously, "Pete, really I didn't mean to—" "I'm sorry—"

"You're sorry!" I grabbed her roughly.

"You know where you're going to end, trying to get people married—"

"For heaven's sake, Pete, I don't!" she gasped. "They like to be in pairs—and naturally—"

"How would you have felt for the rest of your life if I had to spend the rest of mine with Matilda Harris?"

She said: "Oh, Pete, I have to go in—"

She twisted away, and I shouted:

"Come back here!"

She came.

"Look at me!"

She tilted back her dark head. Her

face was all white and scared—and, Warhorse, all of a sudden it came to me on a flood of memories.

"Jess," I said slowly, my rage all gone, "remember when you had to sit beside me in school for talking?"

She nodded, smiled a little.

"Maybe," she said shakily. "that's why you got so scared of women, Pete!"

"And remember how you used to do my grammar for me, and I'd do your geography?"

You know, Warhorse, women are funny. I thought she was going to cry—tho I felt kind of queer myself.

"And remember, I washed your face in snow and you told my mother; and then you were sorry and said I could wash your face 10 times a day and you'd never tell again?"

"Don't, Pete," she said, in a funny little voice. "I have to go in—"

And I said:

"Well, before you go, Jess, would you marry me?"

Maybe it was the moon, Warhorse, but when she raised her face, it seemed to glow. She looked at me an awful long time, then she smiled and said softly:

"Oh, yes, darling! Oh, yes, Pete!"

She smiled some more and added: "I guess maybe I don't have to go in for a little while—dear."

She said that "dear" so queerly, Warhorse! I'll bet she never dreamed her matchmaking would end the way it did.

Tonight I hardly miss the boys at all.

Your old pal,

Shorty.

The End

The easiest thing of all is to deceive one's self; for what a man wishes he generally believes to be true. —Desmosthenes.

C.A.D.P.

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IFE plays funny little games with a fellow. You can give it all you've got and have it smash you mirthlessly. Or you can get ahead on nothing at all. But generally, as they'll tell you up here in the Territories, a man needs a motive to get along. "Something like a lamp at night," they say. "To give you courage and faith and draw you on . . ."

"The love of a woman," the old timers up here will tell you. But the young fellows aren't so sure. Nowadays you can't very well get married if you can't support a wife. You'd rather suffer yourself than see her go without. So, there are some who swear that a rich relative or a good bank account are more important to a man's success nowadays than even the love of a good woman.

Joe Hill used to sit outside his cabin of an evening, listening to the wild geese talking out on the gray Sound, and puzzle over that very problem. Joe aimed to find out some day if love is all it's claimed to be, or if money is as necessary as the sweet confusion of romance. Joe Hill found out, too. That's the whole story.

Joe certainly had every opportunity for making the experiment. All he owned in the world was an ancient stern-wheeler left him by his father. If you have travelled in the Territories you will be familiar with Joe's type of "ship." From Peace River Landing onwards, freight and passengers travel by stern-wheeler. The paint had blistered on Joe's. The deck structure was rotten.

Because of certain events in his past, Joe got very little business. We're getting to Joe's past shortly. I just want to say now that outside of this old river boat (on which the bank held a mortgage for \$150) and his cabin, huddled above the bleak and rocky inlet, Joe had no other material possessions.

The most important person in Joe Hill's life was Grocer Weatherby's daughter, Joan. This little armful of arctic loveliness was 20, four years younger than Joe. She had been in love with him since she was 13—and that is a sure sign of true love, when your father does everything within reason to break it up.

The grocer of Tundra Landing had sent Joan to Edmonton, hoping the gay lights and the city men would make her forget Joe Hill. They didn't. He had tried being nasty to Joe, and then Joan wouldn't kiss him good night, so he gave up being cold and forbidding. All he could hope for was that Joan would grow tired waiting for the lanky young river-

Like A Lamp At Night

by Leslie Johns

man to make that stake he always dreamed of. Joe, as you see, was a mule-headed sweetheart. He wouldn't agree to marrying Joan till he could support her well; and so, of late, they avoided each other considerably—with miserable consequences.

And now, about Joe's past. Crooks come to the Territories. Oh yes, they do. They rob grizzled trappers and lonely prospectors. They sell fake mines at a "sacrifice" and introduce crap games under the very eyes of the Mounted Police. One such crook was a guy the Edmonton police called Potato Pete. He had been, at various times, bootlegger, counterfeiter, robber and blackmailer. But he had a nice way, and he got on the good side of Joe Hill, who, when Pete got hard up, even let him sleep at his cabin.

Well, there was a robbery. Potato Pete didn't get far—but he got far enough to hide a lot of gold dust. Despite what Pete and Joe both swore, the law naturally concluded Joe Hill was an accomplice. At any rate, he had unwittingly taken Potato Pete down to the landing after the robbery.

They only gave Joe 10 months, because it was all circumstantial evidence. But that was enough. It helped ruin what little business Joe and his stern-wheeler did. It blackened him in the Territories, where a good name is honored. It blackened him doubly at the home of the almost-deranged Grocer Weatherby.

And it endeared him to Joan. She did believe him, and she told him so. She said she would marry him any day. And Joe's eyes clouded with pain, as he said wearily, "Honey, it's tough enough without your talking about marriage. You better give me up . . . you better."

And then one day, Joe moored the Arctic Angel to the water-washed landing; and that's really where the story starts.

It didn't really look like a day on which a man's life would change. The break-up rains were not all done; the sky was like a dirty puddle; and Tundra Landing, on its bleak height, looked washed and dreary. Still, the honkers

were drifting north again, and a greenness was foaming over the naked bushland. There was a tangy promise in the air.

Joe was well down in the dumps. In other days, the Arctic Angel's mournful blast was enough to bring an elfin girl in a short print dress racing down to the landing, waving her arms excitedly. Joan hadn't come today.

And just then, a figure like that of an ancient country doctor appeared from around the street corner. It was J. T. Sproole, the banker. Joe tried to duck, but it was too late. J. T. had seen him. Would Joe be kind enough to drop around to the bank—that little note, remember? It was overdue.

"Okay," said Joe, and went on towards the post office. For two cents, he'd tell J. T. to take the old stern-wheeler . . .

He had to pass Weatherby's store, and of course had to stop a minute to window-gaze over some new fishing tackle. There were a few Indians and some of the white residents browsing around; and Joan, in skirt and blouse this time, was serving. Her father was poising to punch the till, but when he saw Joe at the window, he forgot to draw back and was severely punched by the drawer.

Joan caught his eye. Despite herself, her face lit up. She smiled and waved to Joe, who stood there stupidly, the way many men in love do, getting all embarrassed. Then he rushed on, because it can hurt an awful lot when you want to marry a girl like Joan—and Joan of course thought he wasn't in love with her any more. When an Indian squaw asked for six oranges, Joan had exactly 15 in the bag before her father stopped her . . .

There was one letter for Joe Hill, and bitterness swept over him as he recognized the handwriting. Potato Pete! After a minute he tore it open. This is what he read:

Dear Joe, Last week they let me out of Fort Saskatchewan becoss i am dying of a hart murmur. I have made a confession about whare I hidd the nuggetts becoss I dont want you to take the rap for me any longer. That

will clear you for good. But since you were my only pal I have something for you. When I hit that Godforsaken country I had a sootcase of hot money with me. I guess they don't use it where I'm going, so you can have it. It's hid in that old bear den at Rocky inlet, where you stopped that time, remember, because I said I knew a trapper pal up the inlet and I wanted to give the sootcase to him. I picked that spot because it was easy to remember. I thought to bury it under some rocks or in a hollow tree, but when I saw the bear den, it looked better. I don't think even the smart Mounties know to look in bear dens, so it ought to be there yet. You can have it and good luck"

Well, Joe Hill read the letter and then, very carefully put it in his pocket. Half an hour later, the Arctic Angel was cruising full speed ahead down the swollen waters to Rocky inlet. Joe found the bear den. It had caved in partly, but the suitcase was there—and well preserved. Joe's heart started to club him. He looked around at the lonely arctic steppes. Only an eagle, perched on a stunted pine, watched him. Joe broke his fingers opening the suitcase.

Inside, in packages of tens and twenties, he found seven thousand dollars worth of crisp new bills.

Joe calmed himself and thought it out. Pete has said definitely whether this was honest money or not . . . Then he smiled wanly. He knew darned well it was as probably stolen. So what? who was entitled to it? He hadn't stolen it. He hadn't taken part in any crime . . .

An idea came to Joe Hill. Carefully he concealed the suitcase where the weather couldn't possibly damage it. Then he turned the Arctic Angel and raced back to Tundra Landing. He stood at the wheel, the wet wind tousling his dark hair, whistling . . .

The shortening arctic night had dropped when he knocked on the rear of the store where Joan and her father lived. There was the beat of unseen wings above him. He was scared but confident.

Joan opened the door. She started a little. Joe saw she was very beautiful. He said very humbly, "Joan will you marry me?" Just like that.

The old grocer, of course, nearly blew up at first. But when he saw how earnest the two were, he calmed a little.

"What on earth," he said, "will you live on? Can you support a wife, Joe?"

"Yes!" Joe said, so violently that the old man was half-convinced. He had never seen Joe with such aggressive confidence. "From now on, the Arctic

Angel will be a darned good paying proposition."

"You're getting freighting contracts . . . ?"

"Look," said Joe. "I don't ask your business, Mr. Weatherby. And so all I'm going to tell you about mine is that I've got some new cards up my sleeve."

And the funny thing is, when he left, Grocer Weatherby looked blankly at his laughter and said, "I'm darned but I think I misjudged that boy. Well . . . maybe if you two love each other enough . . . You do love him enough, don't you, girl?"

"Uh?" Joan was framed in the window, smiling—what at, Grocer Weatherby didn't know. "What did you say, daddy? . . . ?"

"Are you crazy?" J. T. Sproole said. "You want me to loan you \$500 when you can't even pay that \$150 that I've been carrying for two years now?"

Joe grinned pleasantly. "I'm not crazy—yet, Mr. Sproole. I want that money to put a new engine in the Arctic Angel. There's plenty of freighting to be done in the Territories, and starting right away, I'm going to get my share. The



way that old tub is now, I'll never make money. And you'll never get your \$150."

"And how do I know," asked Mr. Sproole, in the pleasant way bankers have, "that I'll get my six-fifty?"

Joe kept on grinning. "You'll get it, J. T. If I don't earn it freighting, I'll pay it to you, anyway—one year after date." He got up. "Make up your mind now. Do I—or don't I—get it?"

"I don't see—the banker began, but Joe cut him short by picking up his hat.

"Okay, no hard feelings. By the way, you're invited to the wedding, of course. In June, Joan hasn't definitely picked the date yet."

"The wedding?" said Mr. Sproole. "Wedding?"

"Yeah. Our wedding. Mine and Joan's."

"Oh." Bankers are not supposed to look silly. "Say, look," said Mr. Sproole, "let's talk that over a little more—about the loan, I mean . . ."

On a summer morning, when the col-

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ored poppies of the arctic were in brief bloom, they knelt in the rough pine chapel. The sun came through the windows, making a pool of light in Joan's arms. She was white, and her lashes were wet. Joe was a little scared, a bit nervous. But when he saw the look of trust and love she gave him, his heart thickened. "Till death do us part . . ." Such a little while, he thought. Oh, Joan . . .

There was just one secret from her. He tried to tell her about that money, but the words stuck in his throat. She might think . . . what might she think? No, he thought, if ever I have to use it, then I'll tell her, and I know she'll understand . . .

He had painted the cabin and repapered the walls, with Joan helping at his side. They dug flower beds and planted native shrubs. Joe got his engine, installed it, and the Arctic Angel was as speedy a sternwheeler as ever fought cold northern rapids. They repainted the boat, added deck chairs; and summer tourists to the north, intrigued by the romance of the thing, forsook airline travel at the landing to finish the last lap of their journey on water.

Joe wanted freighting contracts and he went after them. Sometimes he was surprised at how quickly he got them. Was it because the neighbors were ashamed at having branded him because he had unwittingly become associated with Potato Pete? Or was it just because they recognized good business and first class service? Or—had it anything to do with their parting remarks: "Best of luck, son. Always like to see a couple of kids like you and Joan get ahead." Joe wondered.

Anyhow, he was a busy man. Nights he'd come up to the inlet—nights before the sun stayed up too late, that is—and his heart would thrill at the lamp in the window on his cottage. He'd toot three blasts on the whistle, meaning, "I love you." Then he'd watch for the light to dim four times, meaning, "I love you, too." Passengers would watch him, wondering why he smiled.

It was good to get home, to talk to Joan, to dream with her. Just once in a while doubt would prick him. Times like when he'd say, "Well, honey, business is sure swell." And she'd answer, "That's because you got a wife, isn't it, captain?"

Sometimes he wondered if she guessed. Did he ever talk in his sleep . . .

Before the long arctic winter claimed the river, he inspected the bear den. The suitcase was still there, intact. "My little security pile," he thought, and left it again. He could afford to take

chances. If anything happened, he had this . . .

Sometimes he wondered what Joan would feel like if he told her. Being a woman very much in love, she liked to think she was half responsible for his success. He'd sure hate to kill any dream in her eyes. She was such a darned good kid, such a wonderful little wife.

When the river froze up, he paid off the bank. J. T. looked at him with something like admiration. "Always say there's nothing like a little woman to give a man incentive," he rumbled. "My boy, we'll be very glad to handle your account here."

"Thanks," said Joe; and went out, grinning.

The arctic winter came, and suddenly the Americans were freighting supplies over the Alaska highway. Great convoys of trucks passed back and forth, and Joe seized an opportunity. He borrowed more money from Sproole, and his trucks started making money fast.

"There's what a wife can do for a fellow," the old fellows in the Territories said wisely, as Joe's business boomed into corporation size. He hired his own drivers now. When spring came, he picked up two more sternwheelers, overhauled them, manned them and made more money. The Territories were booming. Business was prospering beyond his wildest dreams.

It was nearly three years since Joan had married him. They had a little girl he worshipped. And one evening, coming by Rock inlet, an uneasiness stole

The MOON AFFECTS The TIDES . . .

Everyone knows that. It also affects the human body, as everyone who has ever been in love knows.

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over Joe. Many times in the past, he had gone to the bear den to make sure the money was still there. But the visits became farther apart, his enthusiasm had long ago, cooled to a sort of formal curiosity.

He knew suddenly, he would never use that money. He doubted very much if he ever could have. Anyway, that was immaterial now. It belonged rightfully to somebody, and it was his duty to see it was returned. He could leave it there and forget it, his inner heart told him. He hadn't put it there; and to bring it back now might cast some shadow over the lives of Joan and the baby.

But his conscience kept nagging him. And one afternoon, when he had more tourists than freight, he stopped the Arctic Angel "to let them see the scenery" and went ashore. He came back with the suitcase.

The sergeant listened to his story without comment. Very carefully he examined the bills, looked through some files, then he grinned. He had known Joe quite a while, had often ridden on his boats.

"Joe," he said, "were you ever tempted to use this?"

"No," Joe said slowly, "I never really was. It was there, and I guess I kept thinking, 'Well, if I can't make the grade, I can fall back on this.'"

"And what," parried the sergeant, "do you think accounted for your success? This money—or your wife?"

That was a hard one to answer. Certainly Joe knew he could conquer the world for the girl who worshipped him and for the dark-haired girl that was their dream come true.

"Well, I'll tell you, Joe," the Mountie said. "It was your wife. You see, Potato Pete was a counterfeiter, too. And that's what this is. Pure counterfeit. You wouldn't have got very far with it!"

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REAL ADVENTURE

A Filed Ring by Dale O'Hara

THE incident I am about to relate occurred twenty years ago in a British Columbia logging camp. For certain reasons I have disguised the names of the characters; otherwise the story is strictly true.

I was the new timber-topper at the camp, and I was only there three days when I forced a fight with a burly French-Canadian, Jim Mordeau. He was a cruel bully, strong as a bear, loving nothing better than to batter some youthful feller black and blue.

The evening of which I speak I found him lashing a horse with a heavy trace. The animal was in awful agony, the sweat steaming off its heaving sides, huge welts standing out on its ribs. I never could bear to see a horse misused, so I wrenched the trace from the surprised Mordeau's hands and clipped him under the jaw.

Honesty forces me to confess that had I not had some training in boxing, the powerful Frenchman would have smashed me senseless. But a lucky left to the point of his chin, followed by two smashing rights full in the face when he was thus off guard, keeled him over.

A coward at heart, he asked for no more, but lumbered away, muttering something about "getting even with you yet." I promptly decided to forget all about it, but serious-faced young Bill Wesson, who had been the bully's favorite target, earnestly warned me not to.

"You gotta watch him, Dale! He's a devil, that man. He'll lay for you—or do anything—just to get even."

Still I didn't take it seriously. Loggers, like Irishmen, are fighting one day and kissing each other the next. But I did notice that Jim went around with a sullen look of hatred on his face, a

malevolent gleam in his close-set eyes. The other boys openly taunted him, now that he had lost his aura of invincible strength, and the brooding Frenchman must have schemed long into the nights, wondering how he could get revenge.

One night he returned from the nearby village, soused to the gills. His bleary eyes held a sort of crafty gleam, though I didn't take any notice of it at the time. Bill Wesson again warned me, telling me how treacherous Mordeau was after a spree.

Next morning Bill and I left early for the woods to rig a new spar-tree for a shift of the yarding donkey. Bill always did most of the ground work, I the high-climbing.

I had no inkling at all that anything was brewing. But I know I owe my life to the fact that Bill brought along a team of horses to help clear the old dead logs, etc., from around our spar-tree.

Soon I had one guy rigged on the limbless spire, running from a point about 150 feet up the tree to an anchor possibly sixty yards distant on the ground. Then I prepared to ascend again to rig the second guy.

Flipping up my safety rope by quick snaps of my wrist, I dug my spurs into the thick bark and climbed steadily. Then, fastening the loose end of my safety rope to the ring in my belt, I leaned back and smacked my axe deep into the wood.

As I did so, my body gave a convulsive jerk. No longer did the belt support it! It had broken and now dangled uselessly below me. Only my grip on the axe handle kept me from hurling backwards to awful death.

Talk about sweating blood! A horrible nausea sickened my stomach. Ghastly panic turned my body into an alternately limp, then rigid, thing. For a second I

wanted to let go, just to get the horror of it over.

Then dignity and courage seeped back to me. If I had to die, well at least I'd pass out nobly. Leaning ever so much closer to the tree to ease the strain on the axe, I called down to the frozen Wesson:

"It won't hold long, Bill. Can you do anything?"

"I—I dunno!" stuttered the horrified youth. "I—I—maybe I should go for help."

"No, it'll be too late! Let me think."

And think I did. What could I do? Every second seemed an endless eternity. An eagle wheeled past in the brilliant sunshine. The faint tipping of the long, bared tree loosened the axe ever so gradually.

Abruptly my left spur gave way—but with automatic reaction I jammed it into the bark again. My legs grew rubery. The axe had loosened with the sudden strain. In just a minute—

And then I thought of the horses. It was a desperate plan, but it might work.

"Bill, take the loin straps—knot them securely—then climb up here as fast as you can—but gently, or you'll shake me off."

That minute before Bill got back seemed a million years. I almost thought the axe was loose—that I might as well drop.

Then Bill started climbing. If it would just hold a little longer! The tree swayed—the axe loosened. He'd never make it! But he did. Then the tense carefulness while he rose past me—while he slipped the knotted loin straps between my belt and my body and passed the other end round the tree—and gave it to my trembling hands—

Inspection showed that my ring had been filed till only a thread remained. Though we couldn't prove a thing, everyone knew it was Mordeau's dastardly work; and you can bet he got kicked out of that camp in record time.

Cash for REAL ADVENTURE

Under the heading "Real Adventure," the editors of NEW WEST MAGAZINE will print true accounts of experiences that actually happened. They will pay a cash prize for every story accepted for publication in this department. Stories should not exceed 800 words, should be true and interesting and set in western Canada. No Manuscripts can be returned or correspondence entered into. Address your stories to, "Real Adventure," C/O NEW WEST MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 97, Edmonton, Alberta.

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MOSTLY FOR

How do You Rate as a Wife from the Masculine Point of View?

MAYBE you can jitterbug and make home-made bread; maybe you look like a dream and have a mania for picking the most modern nightmarish hats; maybe you keep a nice home and have well-mannered children . . . but you may still not be the perfect wife. If so, why not?

Women, let us talk . . .

1. If your husband drinks or plays poker with "the boys," do you nag, quarrel or go into that martyr's silence, which is a husband's earthly taste of hell? You shouldn't, you know. If your husband was reasonable enough to marry, he should still be reasonable enough to talk over such things sensibly with you. Many men enjoy such gatherings, because of the strictly masculine aura. If you can't afford the money involved, get together. Maybe just a little bit of of your own companionship, perhaps the expedient of inviting in his own friends on the nights he likes to gamble, will fill the need the poker session supplies. If not, he'll be perfectly willing to accept a set allowance, say three or four dollars for the night—one a week. If he loses, he comes home. If he wins, he'll come home proudly.

If a man has become alcoholic, the worst mistake any wife can make is to nag or "suffer with pursed lips." A drunkard is unhappy within himself. He will resort to petty tricks and excuses to get liquor. Yet he wants, with all his might to be like other men: able to take two or three drinks and quit. If you give him the understanding he craves he'll be agreeable to allow himself just a few cents when he goes out; or, if the case is bad, he'll take medical cure. This is a subject that covers an article in itself: the main point for you to remember is that a drunkard dreads, above all things, to be considered such a drunkard. Co-operate with him, and he can, and will, be cured.

His Friends

2. Do you criticize your husbands friends and reveal it, (even if only so your husband notices it) when they drop in? If so, you're foolish. They must have points that appeal to him, otherwise they wouldn't be his friends. Re-

gardless of whether their loud laughter, uncouth grammar—or anything else—jars you, make them welcome. If you don't they'll soon come no more. To a man, home, (among other things) is a place where he can be happy with his pals. If he has to meet them elsewhere, you have destroyed an intangible, but very important part, of his homelife. And I'll tell you a very important thing: after awhile, you'll see the same things in them that your man does; and when a friendship test comes, only one out of a hundred will let you down.

3. Do you believe in keeping up with the Smiths (you thought I was going to say Joneses, didn't you?) and taxing the poor man's income to do so? Again, that's bad. Some men do like a little better front than the neighbors'. Most males prefer to live in security within their means. That is the psychological reason why men's fashions change so slowly: there's little difference on men's suits of ten years ago and today. For women, conversely, there's a decade of difference; So if your husband has to worry more at his work, because his checks just won't stretch far enough, you'll find a difference in him at home. He's worrying within himself; that makes him moody; often affects his health.

Let George Do It

4. If the head of the house hates carving chicken, we'll say, you don't ask him to do it before guests, do you? Tom is tested when your friends drop in. It has been said that the perfect guest is one who makes his host feel right at home. If your husband finally grasps the knife and fork, and a chicken leg goes sailing onto the floor, everything is ruined. He feels in mortal disgrace for the rest of the evening. You, if you're wise, will do the carving yourself, or get one of your friends who excels at it, to do it. You can say, "George, will you carve? Pete just refuses to learn!" and everything's grand. George, doing the carving, feels right at home. Pete can sit back with pride that certain men possess when they state they never were any good at art or music, or something.

5. You don't mind, of course, if your

New West

WOMEN

better half smokes stinking facsimiles of cigars or spills ashes over the new chesterfield.. Which is more important, the couch or him? And if he was taken away from you suddenly, you'd never see a man smoking those same cigars without pain hurting your heart.

6. Certainly you make him think you think that his opinions are the result of heaven-sent brains and wisdom that no man in the world but he possesses? Ah, happy woman, if you answer yes . . . No matter if George, waving his three cent cigar, tells you that Churchill made a mistake when he did this or didn't do that. As far as you're concerned, Churchill made a mistake.

When an important question does arise — one that directly affects you and your family — and George's opinion doesn't sound so wise, get in a tactful suggestion otherwise. If it's good, George'll seize it and pass it back to you as his own, and there you are! I can tell you in all confidence that man, whose wife looks up to him, thus, simply won't allow himself to make a mistake, for fear of losing face. The curious thing about it is the man who says he can do such and such an impossible thing and his wife tells him he certainly can, is the man who goes out and does it. History has recored them.

7. I can hardly bear to ask you this one. You don't neglect him for the children, do you? Or for your social activities? George married you. If he had loved children more, he'd have adopted six from the orphanage. Much as he likes bridge, he did not join the local bridge club the day you were wed. Need I say more?

8. When you're about to say something hurting (and people do say such things to the ones they love most) you don't have to bite your tongue and and count ten. (It only lies, unspoken, in your mind afterwards.) But do stop long enough to think: "Would I say that if a heart attack doubled him up before me?"

9. Are you always late "getting ready"? Do you begin dressing at seven o'clock for the Smith's dinner, Do you keep the man pacing the floor, tugging at his tie, and doing weird facial contortions, when he's ready to take you to the movies, shopping, etc.? The offenders are legion without number.

10. Talking of shopping, you never — horrors! — lug him through the lingerie department? Or ask him to comment while you choose a hat? Of the lingerie

end, we shall not speak. Look at the unfortunate men the next time you go there. Study their faces. That's all . . . Of the hat angle, we shall say but little. Thus: a hat a man likes seldom pleases a woman. (Oh, yes, there are gallant liars in our midst.)

11. If your husband's the type of informal brute who likes to eat in any old joint in town, do you always insist, when dining out, on the best hotels and manners deluxe? Too bad. You women can be disciples of Emily Post, but the boys just love to pick up chicken bones in their fingers and eat with relish. I remember once, at an important convention, the most popular female there was a plain-looking individual who did just that. (Popular with the men, I mean. They all followed suit.)

12. You're not of course showing jealousy when he tips the hat-check girl or throws a snow-ball at the young high-school lass next door? That man isn't interested romantically at all. It should be a high compliment to you if he is popular with young, good looking girls. The tipping does as much for his ego as a new hat does for yours. As for snowballing, men are playful boys at heart. George couldn't explain why, but he likes to throw snow balls. His eyes would pop out if you suggested a romantic interest.

A man put on record some of the things wives do—and don't do—that make them somewhat less than perfect as partners; at least in the eyes of the men they married. Of course, there's another side to the question, too.

No Romeo He

13. When you say accusingly, "You don't love me as much as when we were first married," are you certain you try to please him as much, look as beautiful as in those tender cupid days? Besides, there are lots of men who aren't adept with fancy phrases and demonstrative affections as short-story Romeos. But they're a lot more sincere.

14. You don't—oh, no, no, say you don't!—mention the guys you might have married?

15. And then there's the possibility of finding some old love letters a girl wrote him years ago . . . Or an old flame, passing through town, may come to see him . . . What of it? Very few people marry the first girls or boys they "go with." It's a tribute to you that George chose you, in preference . . . And if that old girl comes to visit, put away the battle axe. Two people as close as they were once, usually become the dearest and best of friends. Only in radio stories do they come back to cast any thorns in the side of true marriage.

There are, you realize, other little factors that go to make up the perfect wife. But if you improve yourself till you score 100 percent on these fifteen points, woman, be glad. You'll be ranked with the happiest of happy wives.

THE ATHABASCA TRAIL

I have seer the gorge of Erie where the foaming waters run,
I have crossed the Inland Ocean, lying golden in the sun.
But the last and best and sweetest is the ride by hill and dale,
With the packer and the packhorse on the Athabasca Trail.

I'll dream again of fields of grain that stretch from sky to sky,
And the little prairie hamlets where the cars go rolling by,
Wooden hamlets as I saw them — noble cities still to be,
To girdle stately Canada with gems from sea to sea.

Mother of a mighty manhood, Land of glamour and of hope,
From the eastern sea-swept Islands to the sunny Western slope,
Ever more my heart is with you, ever more till life shall fail,
I'll be out with pack and packer on the Athabasca Trail.

—Arthur Conan Doyle,

Jasper Park, Alberta, June 18th, 1914.

Romance And Little Nan

Miss Hudson," Little Nan speculated curiously, "what makes one person fall in love with another?"

Edna Hudson, the girl teacher from Calgary, smiled as she put away her books for the day. All the pioneer children, save Little Nan, had gone home, and evening sunlight sifted through the quaint log schoolhouse.

"Anyone," continued Little Nan, without waiting for an answer, "can see that my daddy ought to fall in love with you and get married—especially since my real mother died long before I can remember even."

Edna smiled and went over to where Little Nan was seated wistfully atop a desk, swinging sturdy brown legs. She tucked one of Nan's golden curls in place.

"Nan—how did you discover I loved your daddy?"

Little Nan smiled, a cherub's dreams in her eyes. "Oh, I dunno! I guess by the way you always visit us Sundays and the way you look at daddy. By the nice way you talk of mother when you knew her in Calgary." Little Nan's eyes were wistful.

Edna held her close, feeling a terrible love for the little frontier girl. Nan's golden hair fell over her arm.

The girl's muffled voice said slowly, "Miss Hudson, I've got to confess something."

"Yes, dear."

"At first I was awfully jealous of you."

"You were?"

"I—I almost hated you."

Edna held her chubby little body closer. "Because you thought I'd take your daddy away from you? I understand, dear. Only now you know he'd love me in a different way—and we'd both love you a hundred times more?"

Hot tears splashed on Edna's arm. "I know—now!" Little Nan sobbed softly. "I'd have a mother like other girls!" She finished, philosophically, "I guess the old devil just got into me!"

Edna laughed—she couldn't help it. "You sweetheart!" she thought aching-ly.

They went down the snake-trail together towards Johnston's place where the teacher boarded. Little Nan swung her books on a strap Jed had given her,

and the teacher held hers under one arm. Nan's free hand held fondly onto Edna's. Late spring evening blued the bushland, and dozens of little rivulets shone across the trail. The wind tasted of old rose briars on sloping hillsides above the Paddle.

At the gate Edna kissed Little Nan. "Don't let your daddy know that . . . I'm fond of him, will you dear?"

Little Nan promised solemnly, then heaved her books over her shoulder. "But I wish something would happen to bring you two together. Miss Hudson, I'm lonely for you every minute you're away . . ."

Big Jed was cleaning his traps before putting them away for the summer. Old Mrs. Brown, their housekeeper, had dished up a hot lunch for Nan, and now



the girl came out behind the shack where Jed worked placidly.

He looked at the growing sweetness of her, and his heart swelled. "Baby, you grow more like your mother every day."

It was a good opening. Nan climbed upon some old logs and swung her legs. "Daddy, were you scared when you asked mother to marry you?"

Jed chuckled. "Yeah! I wouldn't ever try it again. Bears and wildcats, okay. But proposing, no sir!"

That wasn't so good. "Do you think," Little Nan asked carefully, "mother would mind if you got married again?"

Jed put down a rusty trap. He looked at his daughter. "I don't think she would, baby—Anne loved me too much for that. But what are you driving at?"

"If she loved you," persisted Little Nan, ignoring his question, "what were you scared about?"

Jed shook his head and went back to

work. "I don't know, baby. Men are just like that."

Nan thought a while longer. She said casually, "I hope Miss Hudson visits us Sunday again."

"Yeah," agreed Big Jed. "She's one swell girl. Anne and she were just like sisters."

"She's been here three years now. I wonder," mused Little Nan, "if she'll get married and settle down?"

"Not likely, baby. At least," Big Jed opined, "I wouldn't like to see it."

"Why not, for goodness sake?"

"The bush ain't good enough for a girl like Eddie. Likely," Jed finished, "she's got a guy of her own kind in Calgary."

Little Nan looked at him, and something of maturity crept into her then. "Likely!" she said—not too scornfully.

As in every spring for years past, the homesteaders were burning the brushland. All day the blue smoke trailed across the pines, and at night "wild" fires could be seen licking up the hillsides choked with centuries of fallen timber and years of withered grass.

Jed Parker watched it all with mute agony in his eyes. Little Nan, watching with him, knew the same bitter pain.

"Baby, they're blind! They're burning their heritage—just to get more soil." Jed's voice twisted with helplessness. "I wouldn't mind if it was only on their own home-steads. But nothing except the spring rains can stop those fires! They sweep on and on, over the Paddle, over the hills . . ."

The air was ominously sweet with spruce smoke. Jed noticed the continuing dry weather, the tireless hot wind from the south. Some mornings he was almost afraid to let Little Nan start for school. "If it don't rain," he predicted, "it'll be bad. If that wind switches to the west, baby, the fire'll swing and clean out half the valley!"

Little Nan took her father's troubles to Edna, when the rest of the school children had left; and sometimes the teacher walked with her as far as Jed's shack.

One one of these occasions the lean trailscout was sitting haggardly by the roadside, waiting for them. His limp smile was admittance of defeat. "Eddie, when the homesteaders come, the trappers go."

"Go?" The alarm in Edna's eyes found its answer in Little Nan's.

Jed nodded wearily. "When the fires come, wild life goes. Where that goes, a trapper must follow." He turned his face. "I dunno—I hate to leave this valley after all these years . . ."

The girl and the woman looked at him fearfully. "If we go, daddy," Little Nan worried, "what about my education?"

Jed caught hold of himself and grinned. "That's always first, baby. I guess if we have to, I can farm. Eh, Eddie?"

"I guess," said Edna slowly, "a man who was born for the tall timber could break his heart wrestling with land."

Jed looked at her a long time as dusk deepened the smoke canopy over the frontier. Little Nan watched them and slipped away. How comforting, she thought, love would be at a time like this.

But the two followed her into the old cabin, and Little Nan felt she could cheerfully have shaken her father.

The wind deepened, and the voice of the fire came with sweeping hoarseness across the night.

Big Jed stood by the window, watching the fireline of spruce. "It's bad," he muttered. "The spring rains gotta fall soon . . ."

They didn't. The wind rose and switched to the southwest, and the valley was sheathed in smoke. Behind the blue curtain the ominous roar of leaping fire swirled.

Jed Parker thought of the fallen timber and debris piled along the Paddle, and groaned. "Three miles an hour!"

The homesteaders' servant had turned on them. Settlers from down the Paddle rode frantically to help their neighbors up the valley. They stopped at Jed's cabin, their horses snorting in the sweet-choking air, gunny sacks tied across their saddles.

"What do you aim to do—against that?" Jed indicated the coppery billowing skyline. "It's weeks ago you should have stopped it."

"We figured on the rains." The man was scared. "If we can stop it up the valley—burn fireguards round the homes, guard the barns and corrals—"

"You can't up there," Jed Parker said bluntly. "Waste your time at it, and you'll lose all. You'll have to sacrifice those homes and build them again, together. Now our only hope is to burn a stretch here, broad enough so the fire can't go jumping down the valley. Burn

back on the north bank of the river too so it can't cross to the church and schoolhouse."

They worked hard and long through that pressing hell, dipping sacks in the river and keeping down their own fires. They slashed timber, cleared areas not too congested, plowed wide fireguards around what homes they thought they could save.

The dirge of the flames in the thick young pines rose on the wind. The sky was coppery-red. Moose and deer and bear plunged out of the forests into their midst, crazed with a nameless fear.

By early afternoon the sun was lost. A homesteader ran up to Jed, his face black and wild, brown-edged holes burned in his blue overalls. "Your place'll get it Jed," he croaked. "The fire jumped the river . . ."

Jed shuddered. "I figured it would, with those outlying homes," he said, thumping his wet sack. "I buried my



traps three days ago." Bitterness he couldn't check made him work savagely. "What difference do a few more logs make? I'd have had to leave anyway . . ."

They toiled on. In another spot the flames leaped the river. Jed saw the weaving funnel of smoke coming in from the northwest—the first fire.

"The schoolhouse!" he gasped, and set off. "We gotta put fireguards there now."

He crossed the river glugged with charred sticks and dirty-gray ashes, chose a familiar trapping trail and reached the schoolhouse first. The evening was dim, the hot sun totally obscured by a pall of smoke.

Two figures toiled with wet sacks at the edge of the clearing—Edna and Little Nan. Their faces held the same dumb courage Jed had seen in the eyes of the moose and deer.

He staggered to them, shouted through puffed lips. "What're you doin' here? Don't you know its dangerous?"

Edna dropped the sack and held her head. "I wanted to save it, Jed."

Jed stood there, as if seeing for the first time what a gallant fighting heart lay behind the elfin face.

Little Nan heard the rumbling first. She raised her scared dirty face and

screamed. "It's raining! The spring rains!"

It came fast, pouring, warm—the endless torrents that always fall after spring absorbs the snow in the bushland.

Jed Parker walked in a circle, his mouth open, his eyes on the sulphury sky.

Little Nan, remembering a scene from a fairy story, took the opportunity to whisper in her teacher's ear.

Edna wavered, her eyes cloudy with doubt—then she collapsed in a little heap.

"Daddy!" screamed Little Nan. "Has Eddie fainted?"

Jed Parker turned in the falling rain. For a moment he stared dully. Then slowly he picked Edna up in his arms. With Little Nan at his heels, he walked uncertainly toward the river.

"Daddy, if our place is burnt," worried Little Nan, "do you think we could stay at Johnston's awhile?"

They were alone that evening. The Johnston's had gone to a farmers' meeting, Edna was outside, and little Nan was doing the dishes.

Jed whittled on a piece of wood. "Baby, pretty soon we gotta go."

"I'll miss it, daddy," Little Nan confessed heavily. "I'll miss our old cabin, fit to die."

Jed mused. "You were born there, baby. It's where your mother and I dreamed so much about you. I guess that's why I never thought of another mother for you, there."

Little Nan said nothing—but her heart quickened.

"Baby," Jed said tenderly, "come and sit on my knee."

Little Nan came. She put her arm around his neck and leaned against his shoulder, her curls against his neck.

"Baby, I plan on going up the Paddle, to build another cabin and trap again. But it's no place to take old Mrs. Brown. And I couldn't deny you an education. And I couldn't live anymore without you. So . . ."

Nan waited tensely.

"Eddie'll marry me—my wife, your mother and teacher." Jed kissed his little girl. "If you'd want it that way, baby?" He looked at her anxiously.

Little Nan hugged him and smiled. "Sure," she said.

It was nice out over the Paddle. Blue and soft and lovely. Nighthawks kept screaming futilely—the loneliest sound ever carried on the frontier air.

Little Nan thought about her first mother, and their old home; and such ache went through her that, for the first time in all her life, she wished she could fall asleep close against Edna's side.

The End.

Chats with YOUTH



Novelists have written of love at first sight, and it is true that some people have known real love at first sight — but as most of us know, after leaving our teens, it is often very difficult to tell whether you're really in love or not, and if you are — is it the real thing, the only love you want through your life?

Psychologists, of course, know the answer! And we're happy to pass on our knowledge to you.

In the first place, let it be clearly understood, there is only one kind of love. Real love is that form of emotional, spiritual and physical attraction that makes marriage to one person seem the most wonderful thing in this world at least. Notice where the emphasis is, and you'll be able, right from the start, to tell whether the guy, or girl, you're going with is the real thing or not.

If you go with one person because it thrills you to be with him, that is not necessarily — and usually is not — love. Many girls have told me that often they are attracted to men, but the attraction dies off as quickly as it sprang to life. Men have told me the same thing. Lonely people seem to jump at the first prospect of love — and soon they are jumping at another. And all these people are worried. Time is slipping by, they are getting older; they are afraid they're fickle because they go out with so many different people; they think there's something wrong with them because the first wave of attraction quickly cools, and they're sure nothing under the sun would ever make them marry that particular person.

"How," they plead, "are we to be guided by what is the real thing and what isn't?" So here is the reason why, and the cause of, it all . . .

Love is a prelude to marriage. If you go out for just the sensuality of love-making, you needn't expect to find real love. On the other hand, naturally, you

don't have to take the attitude that before you accept a date, you must be willing to be married. Just steer a neutral course, knowing (or rather feeling) that if it is the right person, you'll be happy, unhappy if you must remain single.

Okay, Let me repeat. Love is the prelude to marriage. To judge it, therefore, you must consider what makes a perfect, or desirable, marriage.

There are three requisites, and I'll repeat them: spiritual, emotional and physical attraction. Which is the most important, I'll not argue here. Today, let it be recorded, too much emphasis has been placed on the physical—which is why the world is full of divorce and full of neurotic, unhappy marriages.

Let us talk for a moment of the physical. Even a dumbwit should know



that there is a physical attraction between almost every man and every woman that ever existed. If circumstances arise in which a man, or a woman, has not seen one of the opposite sex for a long period (as in the case of a soldier gone to war) that physical attraction is electrified when such a meeting does occur again. This all accounts for hasty marriages and elopements — and the ones that last are only those where, by chance, the couples are suited spiritually and emotionally, too.

Marriage is partly a spiritual affair, too. If you have no religious beliefs of any kind, you may drop the spiritual side as being of little consequence — though it is fair to warn you that your husband, or wife, may find himself, or herself, turning restless eyes on some

person who has a spiritual nature: for there is something in every person, no matter how pagan he believes himself to be, that calls out for spiritual union when things get really tough and uncertain. . .

There is, too, the emotional end of things. If you are soft-hearted and kind, you are not likely to be happy with someone who is brusque and harsh. Even though this factor is often carefully-concealed before marriage, your subconscious will pick it up — and that is why you may say, "I don't know why I couldn't fall in love with Bill. I just don't know." If you are generous, and she is nagging, if you are broad-minded and he is bigoted; if you are an idealist and he is a cynic — in short, if you are not emotionally suited, beware of a degree of unhappiness, too. Beware, if you are not married, of losing interest fast.

There are, let us point out, exceptions, wherein one quality appeals so much to you that you may fall in love and marry, even though the other two qualities may be lacking. You may still be happy — but you will never be completely happy. And even then, most happy marriages of this nature are rarer than new autos in peacetime.

By now, perhaps you have a new slant on just what is love. If you are asking yourself, "How do I know this is real love? How can I be sure, before I get married, than I am in love?" then here should be the solution.

Love is not necessarily a sudden thing. You can — this a fact — be genuinely in love more than once, though never at the same time. Love can die, and it can be killed; yet it can be made to grow all the days of your life.

There is only one last thing I would say to you this time. If you are in love, remember this; your love will be just what you make it, so if it's disappointing you, make it over!

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WHO ARE ALWAYS ON HAND TO MEET YOU



RED DEER, Alberta



read this article—tell your
boys and girls all about
marijuana — the cigarette
they may so innocently
smoke!

The DEVIL'S DRUG



THIS is the actual story of a girl who was looking for new excitement. She was a nice, average American girl. She smoked but she didn't drink. She kept away from disreputable spots. But one day a fellow strolled into the high school grounds and talked to some of the boys, who were Mary's friends. He gave them some new cigarettes with a "lift." Mary, of course, tried them, too, and proclaimed them positively wonderful.

She was taking progression laws in Senior 12 Arithmetic — something very difficult before — but now the answers came with apparent ease. Now, also, she had to pay for these cigarettes; and she had to be very careful not to mention to the wrong people where she got them. When the school authorities became suspicious of the actions of its oldest set, the man who peddled the cigarettees took these youths to a room called a "tea pad," where they could smoke without fear. They went — for they found they could not do without the smokes.

Mary's parents were beginning to worry about her. When they went driving, she complained they were hardly moving, when in reality they were doing over 40 miles per hour. Once she said, of a car almost upon them, "That old tub must be a mile off, Daddy." And her school work, which she claimed was simple, was coming back to her, marked hopelessly wrong. Have you ever had a dream wherein you solved a problem easily, only to realize after you awakened that the solution is hopeless? Mary was having those dreams awake.

And one evening, looking out of her window, she suddenly decided she wanted to lie on the lawn. It was silly to walk down the stairs when one could float down . . . and very fortunately for Mary, she landed right in a hospital. I say fortunate, because the doctors knew what was wrong — and if she hadn't gone there, she might have landed in a mental home, a jail or a morgue.

Mary had become a marijuana addict.

Mary Jane, muggles, ding bob, reefer, stick, goofy butt — those are the popular names for this weed of evil which

has penetrated our country to a greater extent than many people believe. So nefarious is it that it is the duty of every citizen to know of its evils and to report any knowledge he may possess on the possible whereabouts of the slightest quantity of the drug.

Its history is a fascinating story of evil . . .

Marijuana originated in the East thousands of years ago. Evil men knew of it as a potent for spawning more evil. In the days of the Sultan Saladin, the Old Man of the Mountain and his Hashish Eaters — a tribe of assassins and murderers — partook of it regularly. It gave them intense speed: they could draw a dagger and stab a man, return the dagger to their robes, in such a short space of time that often the assassination wasn't even noticeable. The Sultan, it is said, feared no other men that existed but them.

Even in those olden days, wise men made efforts to stamp out the drug. An Arab leader, Sheikhouni, in 1378 instituted laws to remove it from his land and to punish those who used it.

Today, it is spreading. Indian Yogis use it to induce trances. Mexico knows it well, and as late as a hundred years ago, it filtered into the southern States around and across the country—mainly towards the North-East—until it had reached Montreal and Toronto. Criminals use it lavishly, to forget unpleasant crimes. Musicians like it because it often inspires them to produce sensational song hits. Unscrupulous agents peddle it to high school youths, and the tragedy of broken youth is all the more pitiful.

Not long ago I talked to a soldier who said he had smoked reefer cigarettees. I asked him how they reacted.

"Oh, you hardly noticed any difference," he said casually. "Just felt a little giddy, that's all."

He had only tried them for curiosity's sake. He knew what he was smoking—though he didn't know where they had originated. That in itself is significant: somebody needed the drug badly enough to keep its source a secret.

There are several distinct stages in the formation of "reefer madness." First, the light, giddy lift. Secondly, a sense of distortion. Small objects may

seem immensely large, large objects minutely small. The next stage—and the terribly dangerous one—is a lost sense of proportion. A car bearing down at you at sixty seems to be barely crawling—and many a marijuana addict has been killed in traffic accidents, as a result.

In reverse, an addict driving at sixty seems barely to be crawling—and soon he isn't doing even that. Musicians start beating out swing music, they feel they are barely moving their fingers, and yet they may be going at such a terrific pace that they literally become the hottest players in the country.

The last stage quickly follows. Hallucinations. You lie in bed and see your mouth as something apart from you—an enormous, yawning cavern, high and thick, with the teeth in it their normal size. The drunkard's pink elephants are playthings compared to these vivid and terrifying monstrosities, which last until the addict collapses into inertia, to awake and indulge again.

There has to be an ending. Sometimes it is in the electric chair, for a murder the unfortunate victim cannot remember committing. Sometimes the addict jumps off a very high bridge, because he knows he can float like thistledown. Sometimes his body is found in a wreck.

He is very lucky if he is cured.

HOME BY THE SEA

When I have time to dream awhile,
It often seems to me
I'm at my window, in my home
Beside the sandy sea.

The sea is wide , the sands are brown;
And when the light is dim,
The silver sails come homeward from
The ocean's silver rim;

Or sunlight slants; and there I drowse
(Or so it seems to me,)
The kettle sings; the dry wind sweeps
The lowland to the sea.

There is contentment everywhere....
Or it's a dream to me:
That window and the sun and wind,
My home beside the sea.

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